WARREN MAGAZINE

THIS ISSUE: PETER HYPNOS! THE PIE AND EYE! & FREAKS in COLOR!

EERIE

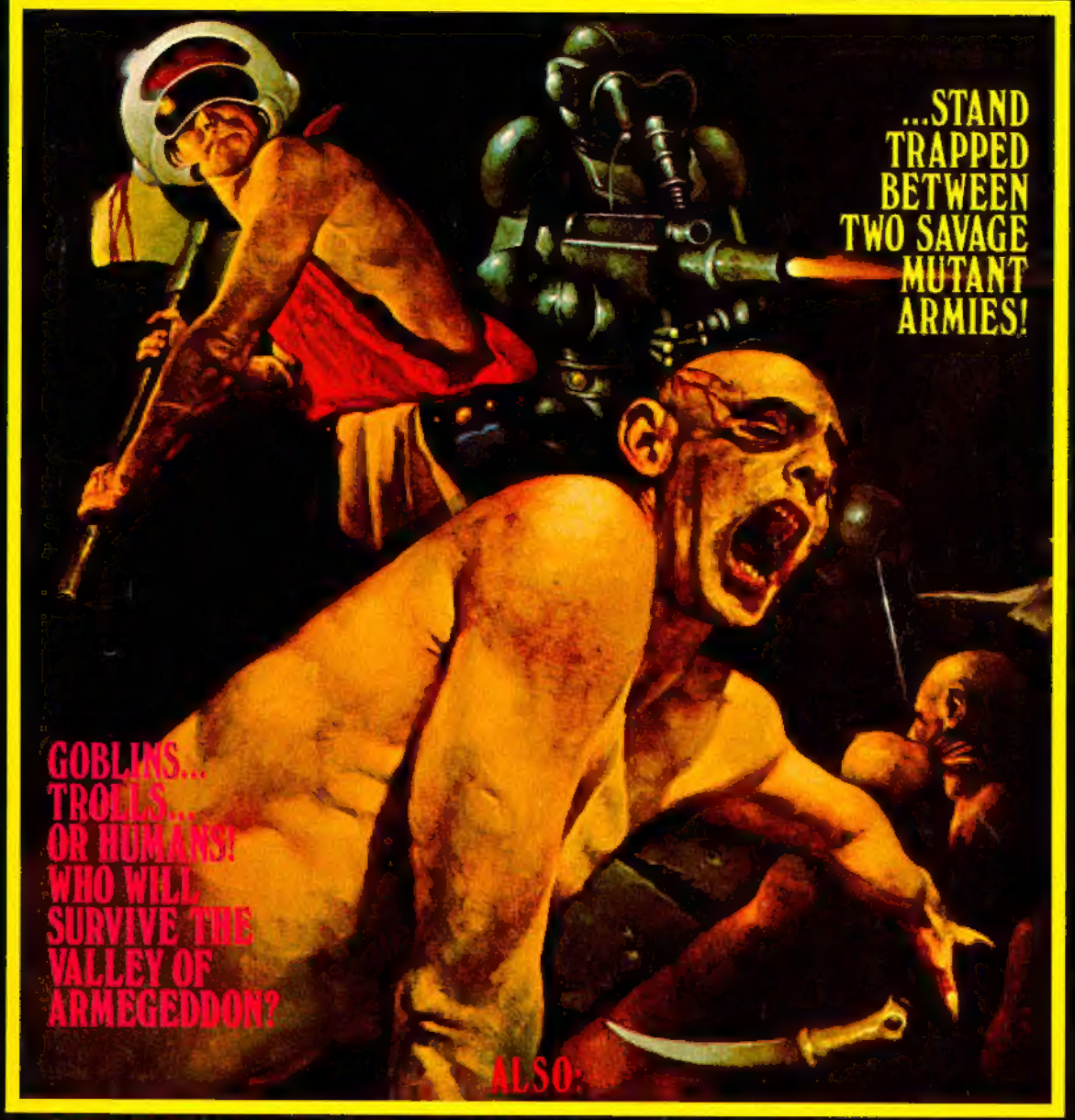
$1.25

PDC

EERIE #72

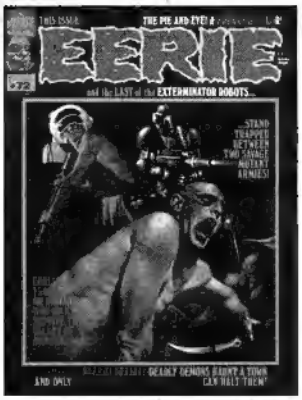
FEB. 1979

HUNTER II and the LAST of the EXTERMINATOR ROBOTS...



BELPHEGOR! BALAM! BELIAL! DEADLY DEMONS HAUNT A TOWN AND ONLY "THE DEMON OF JEREMIAH COLD" CAN HALT THEM!

ART: BERNI WRIGHTSON



OUR COVER
Hunter II and Exterminator face goblins and a terrifying new menace, the Trolls, in a beauteous painting by Sanjulian!

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EERIE®

CONTENTS

ISSUE NO. 72
FEBRUARY 1976

4 DEAR COUSIN EERIE "'Oogie and the Junkers' is the best satire I have ever read in EERIE. It was more than just a science fiction yarn. It was a story for anybody who ever wanted to be a super hero!" writes satisfied reader, Jason Freeberg!

7 DEMONS OF JEREMIAH COLD The bandit chief flashed his silver bracelet and growled, "Belial!" A devil appeared. Two more names he snarled, till three fiends stood before him. Surrounded by demons and robbers, he rode in force to level a town!

23 HUNTER II: ARMAGEDDON Karas Hunter and Exterminator . . . trapped! Trolls to the left. Goblins to the right! A fire hurling dragon rider raining death from above. They stood, backs to calamity's door. Then suddenly, the mountain opened!

33 YOUNGBLOOD AND BEANS Reuben Youngblood, a detective with a mission. To unravel a dastardly plot, he must discover a murderer among guests hurtling through the clouds in a huge dirigible . . . innocent victims of international espionage!

43 A THIN DIME OF PAIN Thin man. Bat man. Human caterpillar. Freaks to be jeered at. Humiliated. Till, ridiculed once too often, they turned on their taunters. And perpetrated a revenge more terrible than the calamities of their births!

51 THE PIE AND I They had beaten me within an inch of my life. Blown my dad's head away with a shotgun. But I had Pie's gadget. The alien's box could be used to heal or to destroy. And I had total destruction in mind as I strode into town!

61 TALES OF PETER HYPNOS The music led to a factory. There people marched into the Incredible Machine and came out . . . different. Balloon heads. Animal faces. Stretched bodies. Peter had no choice. He was next. And he started to run!

CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS: Warren Publishing Co. guarantees the delivery and satisfaction of all items advertised in this issue. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E.C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Dear Cousin Eerie...

Want to put together a monumental issue of a comic horror magazine? Take a look at EERIE #70. It's an object lesson in how things should be done!

Start off with a beautiful cover by **Sanjulian.** Follow with a flashy finale to a fine series. The **Coffin** saga. Then bring in a unique team-up. **Hunter II** and the **Exterminator.** Brought to you by that real-life team, unique in its own way, **Budd Lewis** and **Paul Neary!**

When the reader screams for more, bring out the first installment of an exciting new series . . . **Slaughter Five.**

Follow with another episode in the great epic, **El Cid.** A blast from the past!

Then hurl us far into the future with science fiction masters **Esteban Maroto** and **Bill DuBay** presenting their new and marvelous "Oogie and the Junkers!"

That's the way to do it, fellows! You guys at **Warren** have the knack!

KEN MEYER, JR.
Ogden, Utah

Esteban Maroto's art in "Oogie and the Junkers" is the best I've seen from him in a long time!

It proved to an old-time **Maroto** fan that he is still the master of the comic medium!

SETH WHITE
Shreveport, La.

Congratulations, **Jose Ortiz,** on the fine toned artwork in the **Coffin** finale. The tone was effectively and selectively used, and added much to the overall effect of realism.

This final **Coffin** story was, in my opinion, the best yet!

WALTER MITCHELL
Baltimore, Md.

"Crooked Mouth" was another fine episode in that excellent sword and sorcery series, **El Cid!**

Budd Lewis' script was, as usual, complexly literate and easy to read. **Lewis'** use of archaic language creates an atmosphere of epic antiquity. It is one of the most beautiful and exciting series to run in EERIE yet.

Gonzalo Mayo's art was as usual spectacular. The richness of the panel design, the lush artwork that completes his backgrounds and figures, was the perfect complement to **Lewis'** spectacular sword and sorcery script.

The **El Cid** series has always been one of my favorites. And "Crooked Mouth" is one of that excellent series' finest episodes!

ALEC RUDNEY
New York, N.Y.

EERIE #70 was a disappointment.

My biggest complaint concerns the conclusion of the **Coffin** saga. After the originality displayed in the scripting of "Death's Dark Colors" and "Halfwalk," I found the contrived way in which **Coffin** was killed, very hard to swallow. His return to the anthill that had half-eaten him originally, was a bit too obvious. If **Coffin** was so insanely anxious to end his painful existance, he just plain should have thought of it **earlier.** Like four episodes ago, to spare us this anticlimax.

I could, however, find no fault with **Hunter II** or **El Cid.** Both episodes had the fine scripts and excellent illustration we've come to expect from **Warren Publishing.**

But **Slaughter Five** may easily be the most forgettable story I have ever read . . . even with the asset of **Leopold Sanchez'** fine artwork. Give this excellent artist scripts worthy of his talent.

"Oogie and the Junkers" bothered me. Even with **Esteban Maroto's** excellent rendering, it seemed too reminiscent of regulation science fiction. It was a lot like **Kurt Vonnegut's** "Venus On the Halfshell" for instance!

Overall, I'd say EERIE #70 was a very uneven issue.

SIMON WAGSTAFF
New York, N.Y.

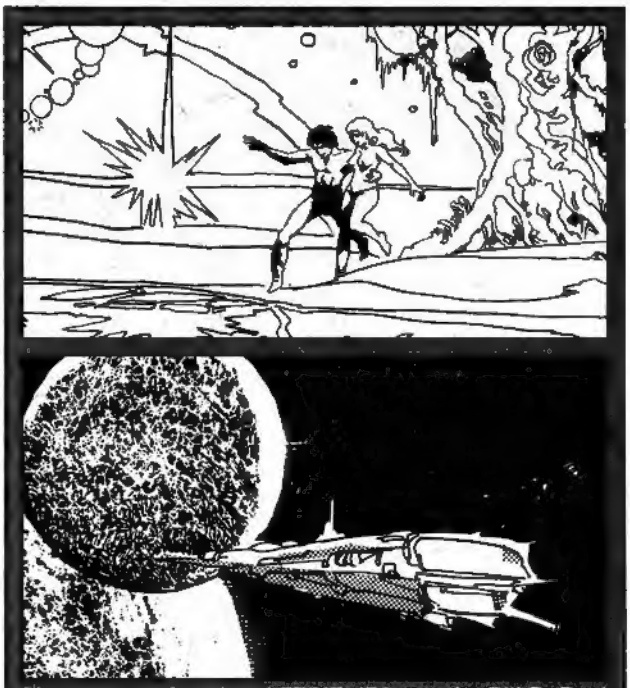
"Oogie and the Junkers" is the best thing that ever happened to EERIE series. It was a rollicking **Walter Mitty** fable of the way things **ought** to be!

I can still remember the day when I was ten or eleven and "reality" struck me for the first time. Suddenly there was a difference between **real** and **pretend.** I regretted learning the distinction. But I could do nothing to turn the clock back. Cowboys, Indians, jungle heroes . . . yes, even **Buck Rogers,** died with my childhood fantasies . . . replaced by the cynicism of adulthood.

"Oogie and the Junkers" was written for the part of me that never really gave up those fine, very real adventures. It speaks to the reluctant grown-up in me that desperately wishes there were a place where fantasy and realty could mesh and become one.

Yet it speaks, also, with the cynical voice of adult experience . . . of situations that alter and people who change. Yet, cynical though its tone, the result is a fabulous science fiction fairy tale . . . of an alien genii who magically bestows reality upon the fictitious **Buck Blaster!** For what it's worth, "Oogie" is the finest tale I've ever read in a **Warren** magazine!

CHRISTOPHER SMITH
Bend, Ore.



The run-away favorite of EERIE #70 was the Bill DuBay/ Esteban Maroto science fiction satire, "Oogie and the Junkers." Flash Gordon move over! Here comes Oogie!

Paul Neary's art is always hard-hitting and dramatic. But he outdid himself with **Hunter II,** "Goblin Thrust."

What a gorgeous story!

JOHN SMITH
Topeka, Kan.

Coffin, the long-running EERIE series, has ended. And ended powerfully!

The story did **Sanjulian's** magnificent cover portrait of **Coffin** complete justice! Not only did the painting outshine **Ken Kelly's Coffin** of EERIE #61, (a whole year ago), it surpassed even **Sanjulian's** own earlier Coffin painting, on issue #67. And that's saying a lot!

It was a magnificent effort by the finest cover artist **Warren Publishing** employs!

JOSEPH A. SILVA
Middletown, R.I.

Budd Lewis has never written a finer story than the **Coffin** tale, "The Final Sunrise." This graphic story of life and death, hope and despair, war and peace, marked the end of an incredible saga.

It compassionately portrayed the turmoil and conflict of a tortured soul for whom death meant only release from a treacherous life of hell. **Coffin,** in his search for death, created hope for others by rising above his own despair. He waged a bloody war in life, and befittingly found a final and lasting peace for himself. Sheer emotional beauty.

LARRY E. WHITE
Memphis, Tenn.

The **Exterminator** robot is up to his keester in mud. **Karas** is trying to pull his robot friend out of the bog. Then help arrives. Twelve barbarians enter, led by a chieftain named **Echo.** The minute he spots **Karas, Echo** is sure he is a goblin. He orders him bound on the spot!

So my question is this—**why** was **Hunter II** mistaken for a goblin? He doesn't look like one to **me** . . . even with his helmet **on.**

I don't get it.

Don't goblins have green skin and tails?

DANIEL CARTER
Philadelphia, Penn.

No, Daniel. The guys with the green skin and tails were demons . . . the fellows the original Hunter fought. Still these goblins don't look human, by any standards. When Echo discovered Karas in what appeared to be compromising circumstances, he ignored the obvious and simply jumped to conclusions!

"Oogie and the Junkers...a beautiful science fiction fairy tale!"

"Oogie and the Junkers!" What a great yarn!

Bill DuBay and **Esteban Maroto!** What a great team!

They gave us an excellent and quite humorous approach to a staid and stolid science fiction standby... the alien in the garden of Eden.

I truthfully enjoyed every moment of this terrific story!

TRACY CRAMER
Southfield, Mich.

EERIE #70 was fantastic! Stories of the past... speculations on the future! Realism and fantasy! Gripping chronicles of adventure! Tales to make you laugh! Stories to make you weep!

The saga of **Coffin,** cursed to live in a body fit only for the grave, ended satisfactorily enough. In atoning for evils past, he created a better future for those he had injured.

The old West, an exciting colorful setting, is generally overlooked in stories involving the macabre. The **Coffin** series took full advantage of the Western ambience with cowboys, Indians, a ghost town, cavalry... even a turn of the century carnival. I'm looking forward to more cowboy monster tales!

The chronicle of **Karas Hunter** is part sword and sorcery, part science fiction. Set in a semi-barbaric world where men, machines and magicians mingle, it is a series that is unpredictable... and action packed!

Slaughter Five took a dismal look at an unpleasantly possible future. Its people have used up its resources and eaten its food. They have resorted to cannibalism to survive. It was a future-plausible downer that made me stop and think about ecology, conservation and the segment of the world population that even now is starving! A chillingly thought-provoking tale.

El Cid was sheer adventure. Pure sword and sorcery swashbuckle with monsters, magicians and plenty of swordplay, brought to life by **Gonzalo Mayo's** beauteous art.

And best of all was "Oogie and the Junkers"... a **Flash Gordon** type science fiction classic set in the far-flung future, when star travel is taken very much for granted and salvage operations on abandoned planets can be profitable! It was satire, rib-tickling social comment, and **Star Trek** adventure rolled into a compact, entertaining story. It was easily the best tale in a sparkling issue!

ANDREW BLACK
Kansas City, Kan.

Gonzalo Mayo's ornate artwork in the **El Cid** story, "Crooked Mouth," did much to make that episode a shining addition to EERIE #70.

His story is perfect for the series. He seems to have been created to draw tales of epic adventure.

It had everything!

His forte is horses with flowing manes, waving flags, ornate costumes, terrible monsters, stalwart heroes and beautiful women! In other words... sword and sorcery!

I look forward to seeing more of **El Cid** in the very near future!

ELMER BLACK
Topeka, Kan.

"Oogie and the Junkers" was the best satire I have ever read in EERIE magazine. I enjoyed it more even than "Godeye." And "Godeye" was tops!

It's relevance to modern technology, escapism, and the heroes we make from two-dimensional TV actors, was biting... and at the same time warm, funny and empathetic.

Sure it's impossible... it's ridiculous, the author seems to say. But wouldn't it be nice? It was a story for anyone who ever wished he was Captain of the **Enterprise** or **Secret Agent 007!**

I loved it!

JASON FREEBERG
Brooklyn, N.Y.

EERIE #70, from **Coffin** to **Oogie,** was a powerful, dynamic collection of the finest black and white stories produced by **Warren Publishing** in many a moon.

The **Hunter** piece was beyond expectation. **Paul Neary** is doing such strange, fine art, that it makes me think his work won't be appearing in EERIE much longer. **Warren** has always cultivated artists until they are tall as corn... then they are set off to seek other things, usually commercial four colors.

Berni Wrightson on the frontispiece was good, but I still await his first cover painting.

It was a stroke of genius to run **Gonzalo Mayo's El Cid** before **Esteban Maroto's Oogie.** Back in the old issues, **Maroto's** work used to look like **Mayo's.** Now **Maroto** has cleaned his act, and he far outstrips even **Neary.**

Mayo's work is just too pretty for me! He crowds his panels with so much, wastes so much space and puts so much effort into his art that I feel almost obliged to like it.

I loved it when **Maroto** drew those complicated tales back in '71 and '72. But **Mayo's** work is too derivative. It's pretty, but lacks movement and that all important touch of life that **Maroto, Neary,** and **Jose Ortiz** impart so nicely.

STEPHEN PERRY
Johnson, Vt.

"The Final Sunrise" marked the end of the long-running Coffin saga. Readers found it a satisfying ending! They felt that Coffin really earned his right to a final peace!

Esteban Maroto never ceases to amaze me. His interpretation of **Bill DuBay's** honorable tribute to **Buck Rogers,** "Oogie and the Junkers," was a masterpiece. What a fantastic salute! **Encore! Encore!**

CHRIS PADOVANO
Sayreville, N.J.

Slaughter Five looks like it's going to be a great series!

What a premise... a cowboys and Indians spy tale... with a Big Brother government pitted against an overpopulated world.

The good guys are obviously people who care enough to do something to help a world of starving people.

The bad guys are government bureaucrats who see genocide as a solution to the world hunger crisis. Their target is the poor... ninety-eight per cent of all humanity!

In **Slaughter Five,** "from the Cradle to the Grave," everybody lost... government, rebels, but most of all the people who might have profited had they asked more of their future than their next meal!

I'm looking forward to **Slaughter Six.** If it's anything like the introductory story, it will be one exciting tale.

MICHAEL DUEL
Wilmington, Del.

In general, EERIE #70 was semi-successful.

"Oogie and the Junkers" stands out as another in the recent spate of delightfully effective tongue-in-cheek tales that have graced the **Warren** magazines recently. **Esteban Maroto's** art was once again in fine form!

The latest installment of the **Hunter II** saga continued to live up to the high expectations it established in its debut. **Budd Lewis'** scripting, while epic in scope, nevertheless retains a crispness and pacing that enthralls the reader easily. While **Paul Neary's** art is nothing short of exquisite!

The most recent **El Cid** tale, on the other hand, suffered from a hackneyed script, the effects of which not even **Gonzalo Mayo's** splendid artwork could overcome.

The conclusion of the **Coffin** series, while containing rather improbably malevolent soldiers, at least succeeded in maintaining a fine mood of inevitability and helpless desperation.

But **Slaughter Five,** crippled by a muddled and aimless script, went nowhere!

EERIE #70, in conclusion, was a very mixed bag!

ED O'REILLY
Ada, Ohio

opinions? write...!

DEAR COUSIN EERIE
c/o Warren Publishing
145 E. 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

cousin eerie's crypt

VAMPIRES? WEREWOLVES? PSYCHOPATHIC KILLERS? THE QUESTIONS ARE HERE! THE ANSWERS ARE YOURS! TELL US WHAT YOU WANT IN THE WARREN MAGAZINES!

Monsters! Aliens! Demons! What do you want to see in **your** Warren magazine? Tell us in the special questionaire below. It will take just a few minutes! And it should be fun!

1. Where did you purchase this magazine?
   - ☐ Newsstand
   - ☐ Store
   - ☐ Supermarket
   - ☐ Other _____

2. This establishment carries EERIE . . .
   - ☐ . . . All the time
   - ☐ . . . Usually
   - ☐ . . . Rarely
   - ☐ This is the first time I have found it here.

3. Why do you buy EERIE? (Check one or more.)
   - ☐ Because I generally like the **magazine.**
   - ☐ I buy an issue because of its **cover.**
   - ☐ I buy an issue because of the **stories.**
   - ☐ I buy an issue because of the **artists** featured.
   - ☐ I buy an issue because of the **writers** featured.
   - ☐ I am a comic book **freak!**

4. How long have you been reading EERIE?
   - ☐ Less than six months.
   - ☐ Six months to a year.
   - ☐ One year to two years.
   - ☐ Two years or more.

5. How often do you buy EERIE?
   - ☐ Fanatically (9 issues a year)
   - ☐ Frequently (5-8 issues a year)
   - ☐ Seldom (1-4 issues a year)
   - ☐ This is my first issue.
   - ☐ I have a subscription.

6. What is your general **impression** of this magazine?
   ☐ Excellent ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor

7. What other **magazines** do you read regularly? _____

8. What was the last **book** you read? _____

9. Which **story** appearing in **this** issue of EERIE did you like the **most?** _____

10. Why? _____

11. Which **story** in **this** issue did you like the **least?** _____

12. Why? _____

13. Which is the **best story** you have **ever** read in EERIE? _____

14. Do you like **up-beat** stories wherein the protagonist triumphs? ☐ Yes ☐ No

15. Do you like **down-beat** stories wherein the protagonist is destroyed? ☐ Yes ☐ No

16. Do you like stories that make you . . .
    . . . laugh? ☐ Yes ☐ No . . . cry? ☐ Yes ☐ No
    . . . think? ☐ Yes ☐ No

17. Do you like detailed stories with an **abundance** of **wording?** ☐ Yes ☐ No

18. Do you like simplistic **lightly-worded** stories that are easy to read? ☐ Yes ☐ No

19. What are your favorite **types** of stories?
    - ☐ Horror
    - ☐ Science fiction
    - ☐ Fantasy
    - ☐ Sword sorcery
    - ☐ Romance
    - ☐ Adventure
    - ☐ Super hero
    - ☐ Satire
    - ☐ Other

20. I would like to see **more stories** about:
    - ☐ Vampires
    - ☐ Werewolves
    - ☐ Mummies
    - ☐ Ghouls
    - ☐ Demons
    - ☐ Monsters
    - ☐ Gnomes
    - ☐ Elves
    - ☐ Pixies
    - ☐ Gargoyles
    - ☐ Goblins
    - ☐ Trolls
    - ☐ Space adventurers
    - ☐ Costumed heroes
    - ☐ Barbarians
    - ☐ Magic/miracles
    - ☐ People with extraordinary abilities
    - ☐ Others: _____

21. My favorite **setting** for a story is:
    ☐ Past ☐ Present ☐ Future

22. Who are your favorite comic book **artists?** _____

23. Who are your favorite comic book **writers?** _____

24. What stimulates your **imagination** most about EERIE magazine? _____

25. Would you be willing to pay **more** for EERIE if it contained one **color story** each issue? ☐ Yes ☐ No

26. Would you be willing to pay **more** for EERIE if it contained more **comic pages** per issue? ☐ Yes ☐ No

27. Do you read the **advertising** pages in the back of this magazine? ☐ Yes ☐ No

28. Have you ever ordered any of the **Captain Company** products advertised? ☐ Once ☐ More than once ☐ Never

29. Why? _____

30. Why don't you purchase this magazine more frequently? _____

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please clip and mail this questionaire to:
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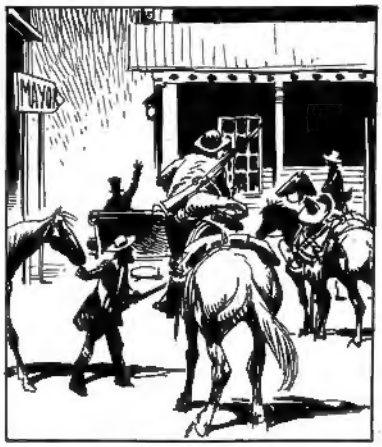
145 East 32nd Street
New York, New York 10016

The DEMONS of JEREMIAH COLD

CRUCIFIXION HILL, NEW MEXICO. 1912.



STORY: BILL DuBAY / ART: JOSE ORTIZ

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M HERE FOR, MAYOR.
WHERE IS IT?
I... I DON'T HAVE IT, JEDEDIAH! I... I --!
MAYOR!
CHK!
THERE!
THANK YOU, MAYOR.
BAWM!
THE TOWN IS YOURS, MY FRIENDS.
YEEEEHA!
PTING!
BDAM!
BLAM!
K-CHOW!
PTWOW!
YIPPEEE!

Daddy was a DEMON MAN

NO! NOOO!
LIZBELLA SIMS!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HER, DOC?

CAN'T SAY FOR SURE, JUDGE. A COUPLE OF FARMERS FOUND HER OUTSIDE TOWN.
SHE'S BEEN HYSTERICAL SINCE THEY BROUGHT HER TO ME.
SHE KEEPS CALLING YOUR NAME, SO I FIGURED YOU KNEW HER.
JUDGE! JUDGE COLD! I-T'S HORRIBLE, JUDGE! Y-YOU'VE GOT TO STOP IT... PLEASE!

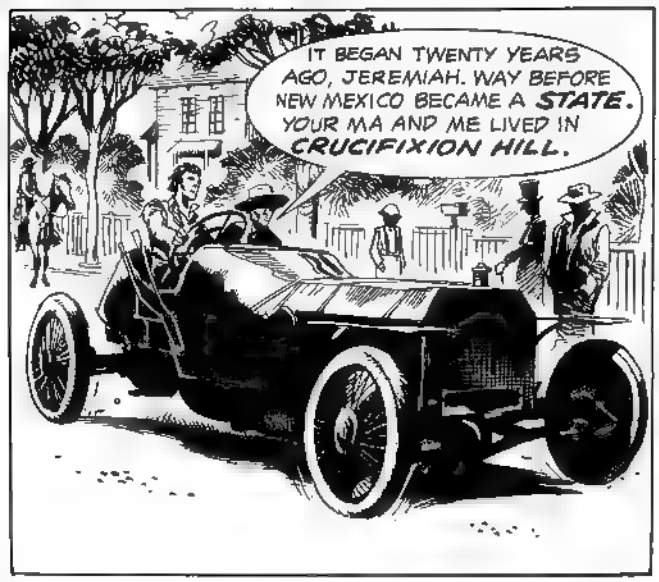
WHAT'S HAPPENED, LIZBELLA? TELL ME!
J-JEDEDIAH! JEDEDIAH PAN! HE CAME BACK!
H-HE KNOWS YOU HAVE THE BRACELET, JUDGE!

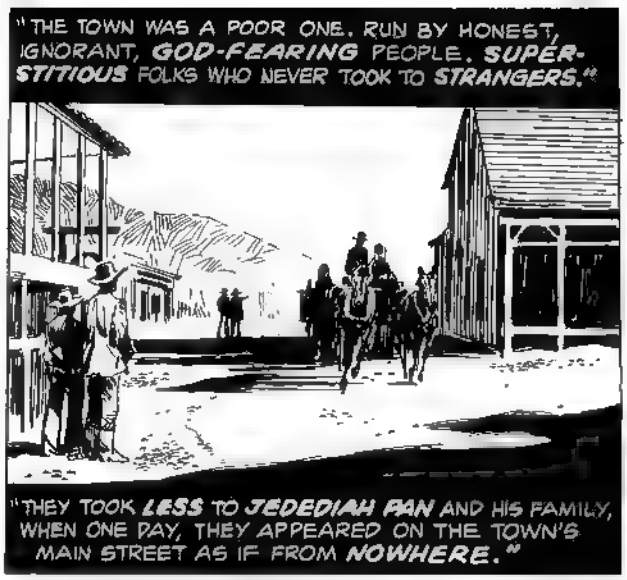
HE...HE SENT ME TO TELL YOU! HE'S GOING TO KILL A FAMILY A DAY UNTIL HE GETS THE BRACELET AND HIS SON BACK!

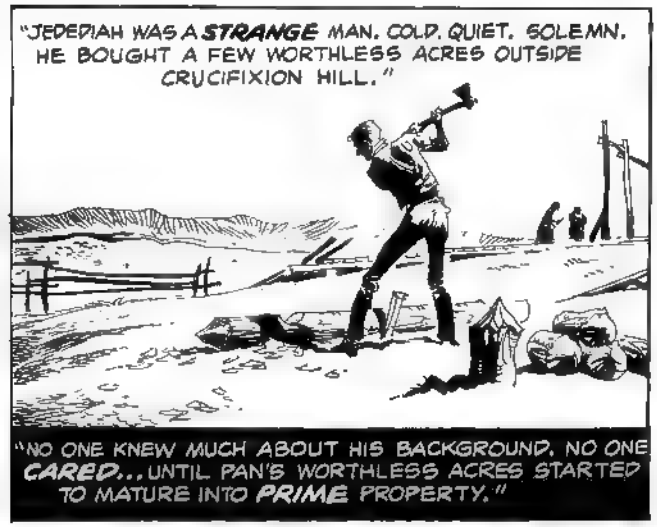
HE SAYS HE'LL SLAUGHTER EVERYONE IN CRUCIFIXION HILL THE WAY THEY SLAUGHTERED HIS FAMILY!
SHE'S HYSTERICAL, JUDGE. LET ME SEDATE HER.

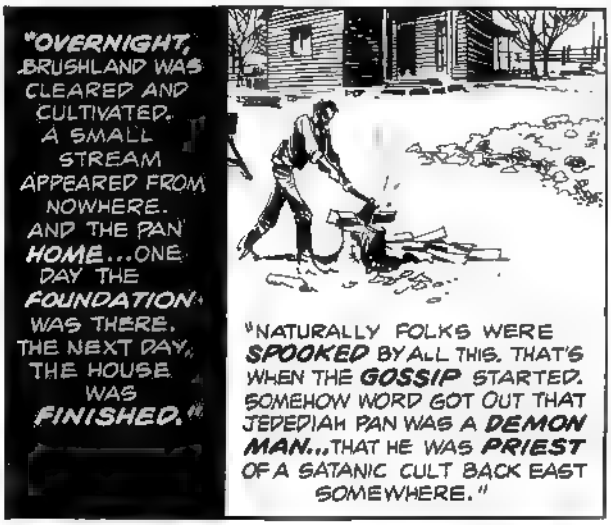
DAD! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
THE PAST, JEREMIAH. IT'S ALL ABOUT THE PAST...
...AND SOMETHING I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU ABOUT LONG AGO...

...SOMETHING I TRIED TO PROTECT YOU FROM.
BUT NOW ITS GOING TO ALL FALL IN YOUR LAP.
COME ON, SON. I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT ON THE WAY HOME.

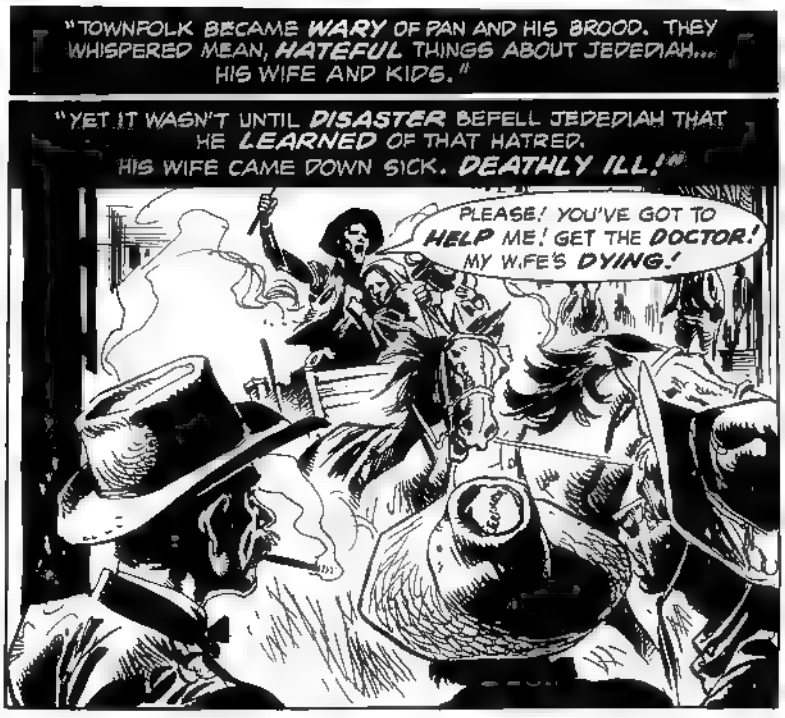

IT BEGAN TWENTY YEARS AGO, JEREMIAH. WAY BEFORE NEW MEXICO BECAME A STATE. YOUR MA AND ME LIVED IN CRUCIFIXION HILL.


"THE TOWN WAS A POOR ONE. RUN BY HONEST, IGNORANT, GOD-FEARING PEOPLE. SUPERSTITIOUS FOLKS WHO NEVER TOOK TO STRANGERS."
"THEY TOOK LESS TO JEDEDIAH PAN AND HIS FAMILY, WHEN ONE DAY, THEY APPEARED ON THE TOWN'S MAIN STREET AS IF FROM NOWHERE."


"JEDEDIAH WAS A STRANGE MAN. COLD. QUIET. SOLEMN. HE BOUGHT A FEW WORTHLESS ACRES OUTSIDE CRUCIFIXION HILL."
"NO ONE KNEW MUCH ABOUT HIS BACKGROUND. NO ONE CARED... UNTIL PAN'S WORTHLESS ACRES STARTED TO MATURE INTO PRIME PROPERTY."


"OVERNIGHT, BRUSHLAND WAS CLEARED AND CULTIVATED. A SMALL STREAM APPEARED FROM NOWHERE. AND THE PAN HOME... ONE DAY THE FOUNDATION WAS THERE. THE NEXT DAY, THE HOUSE WAS FINISHED."
"NATURALLY FOLKS WERE SPOOKED BY ALL THIS. THAT'S WHEN THE GOSSIP STARTED. SOMEHOW WORD GOT OUT THAT JEDEDIAH PAN WAS A DEMON MAN... THAT HE WAS PRIEST OF A SATANIC CULT BACK EAST SOMEWHERE."

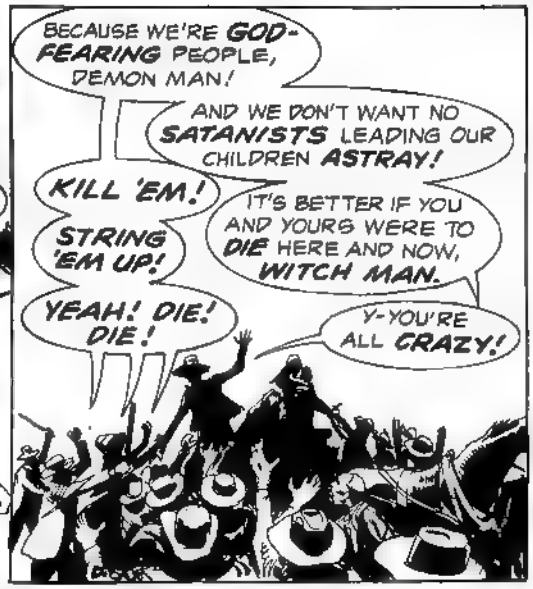
"ONE BOY EVEN REPORTED THAT WHILE HE WAS OUT NIGHT-TRAPPING, HE SAW HIDEOUSLY FRIGHTENING DEMONS WORKING THE PAN FARM."


"TOWNFOLK BECAME WARY OF PAN AND HIS BROOD. THEY WHISPERED MEAN, HATEFUL THINGS ABOUT JEDEDIAH... HIS WIFE AND KIDS."
"YET IT WASN'T UNTIL DISASTER BEFELL JEDEDIAH THAT HE LEARNED OF THAT HATRED. HIS WIFE CAME DOWN SICK. DEATHLY ILL!"
PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! GET THE DOCTOR! MY WIFE'S DYING!

GET OUT OF TOWN, DEMON MAN! WE'RE DECENT FOLKS HERE!
PLEASE! MY WIFE...SHE NEEDS HELP!
WE DON'T WANT NO DEVIL WORSHIPERS IN OUR MIDSTS!
SHE WON'T FIND NO HELP HERE, DEVIL MAN! LET HER DIE!

HERE! WHAT'S GOING ON? WHO NEEDS HELP HERE?
DOCTOR...MY SARAH! SHE'S GOT A FEVER BAD!
DON'T YOU TOUCH HER, DOC! LET THE WITCH DIE!

DON'T BE CRAZY, JOHNSON! SHE NEEDS ME! ÷UGNN÷
W-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? WHY...?
BDAP!
I SAID DON'T TOUCH HER, DOC!


BECAUSE WE'RE GOD-FEARING PEOPLE, DEMON MAN!
AND WE DON'T WANT NO SATANISTS LEADING OUR CHILDREN ASTRAY!
KILL 'EM!
STRING 'EM UP!
IT'S BETTER IF YOU AND YOURS WERE TO DIE HERE AND NOW, WITCH MAN.
YEAH! DIE! DIE!
Y-YOU'RE ALL CRAZY!

NO! PLEASE NO! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
DADDY! EEEEEEEE! DADDY! HELP ME!
N-NOOO! PLEASE!
WAAAA!
"THE GOOD FOLK OF CRUCIFIXION HILL ALLOWED THEMSELVES TO BE RILED TO A FEVER PITCH BY A FEW SUPERSTITIOUS MADMEN. SEVERAL LIFTED JEDEDIAH HIGH OVER THEIR HEADS, AND BEGAN CARRYING HIM OFF TO LYNCH HIM. SEVERAL OTHERS GRABBED HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER...!"

BELIAL! BY THE HIDDEN POWERS OF DARKNESS... COME TO ME NOW!
I...COME... MASTER...!
"HIS DAUGHTER'S PITIFUL PLEAS GAVE JEDEDIAH STRENGTH. WITH SUPER-HUMAN EFFORT, HE LIFTED HIMSELF FROM THE MOB'S GROPING HANDS, AND WILLED FORTH A LOATHSOME DEMON, THE LIKE OF WHICH NO MORTAL HAD EVER SEEN!"
KILL THEM! KILL THEM ALL!
I OBEY...!
"AND, AT A COMMAND FROM JEDEDIAH, THE MONSTROUS THING BEGAN TO TWIST, TEAR, REND HUMAN FLESH!"
"THE DEMON CREATURE MUST HAVE TORN HALFWAY THROUGH THE MOB BEFORE ANY OF THE MEN EVEN MADE A MOVE TO STOP IT!"
"BUT WHEN THEIR SENSES FINALLY DID RETURN TO THEM, A HANDFUL OF MEN SEEMED TO BE BLASTING AT THE BEASTS SIMOULTANEOUSLY!"
SHOOT IT!
KILL IT!
STOP THE DAMNED THING!
PTING!
BDAM!
BLAM!
K-CHOW!
PTOW!

"THE THING HAD BARELY SLUMPED TO THE GROUND WHEN THE MOB WAS ATOP JEDEDIAH WITH A NEW VENGEANCE..."

GAG HIM!
BIND HIM!
THE ARM-BANDS!
DON'T LET HIM USE HIS SPELLS TO CONJURE UP ANY MORE DEVILS!
TAKE THE ARM-BANDS! THEY'RE THE SOURCE OF HIS POWER!

"...SHOVING. PUSHING. KICKING. SCREAMING. TEARING AT THE HAPLESS FAMILY. THE MOB WAS CRAZED FOR BLOOD..."

BURN THEM!
HANG THEM!
KILL THE WITCHES!
NOOoo! NOOOO... PLEASE!
DADDY!
MMFFFGH!

"...AND DETERMINED TO SPILL THE BLOOD OF JEDEDIAH'S FAMILY INTO CRUCIFIXION HILL'S WORTHLESS STREETS!"

STOP IT! PLEASE!
NOOOO!
MADMEN! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
P-PLEASE!
UGHN!
PFTTT!

"AND INDEED, THE ENTIRE FAMILY MIGHT HAVE DIED THAT NIGHT IF MY WIFE HADN'T THE PRESENCE TO GRAB JEDEDIAH'S BABY AWAY FROM THE MOB'S DEATH-GRIP."

NOOO! NOT THE BABY!
HE'S INNOCENT OF ALL THIS!
STKK!
UGHNN!

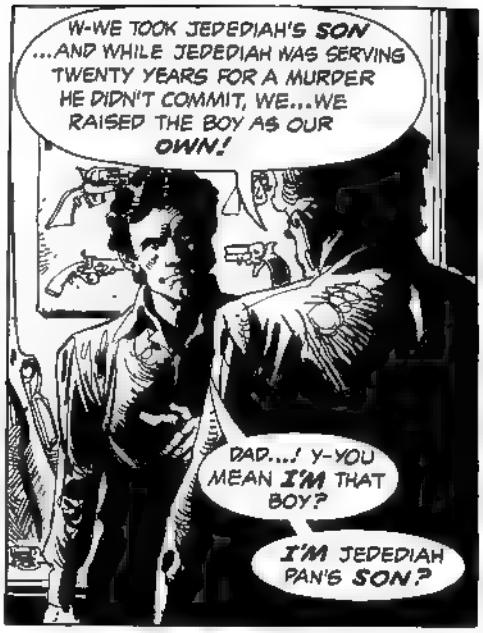
PTLPP!
BOLAM!

"YOUR MOTHER AND I WERE ONLY TWO, STANDING ALONE AGAINST THE CRAZED MOB. YET, IF THE BLOOD OF JEDEDIAH'S WIFE AND LITTLE GIRL HAD NOT APPEASED THE TOWNFUL OF MADMEN, WE TOO WOULD HAVE MET OUR END THAT NIGHT!"

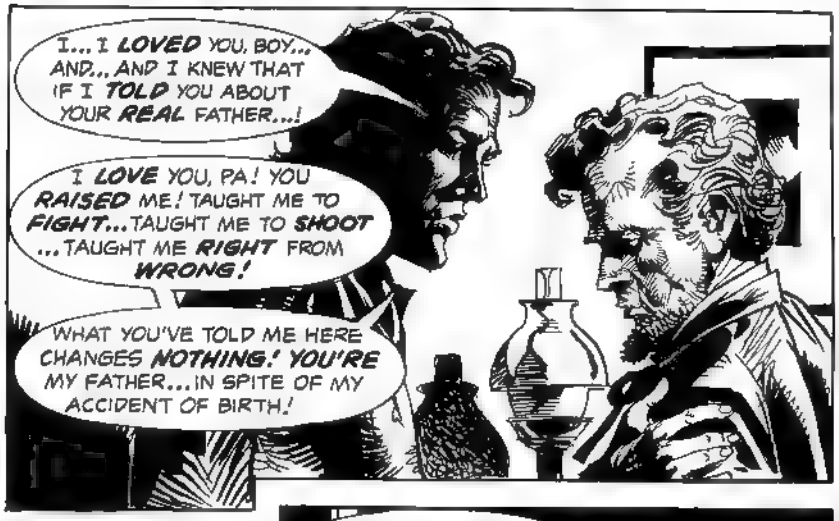
CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?
JUST LOOK! LOOK AT YOUR OWN INSANITY!
WE SHOULD DO MORE, COLD! WE SHOULD KILL EVERYONE WHO SIDES WITH THESE WITCHES!
YOUR INTERFERENCE HERE WILL CAUSE US MORE TROUBLE, ONE DAY, COLD! YOU WAIT AND SEE!

BECAUSE I HAD SHOT THE ROPE BEFORE THE MOB HUNG JEDEDIAH, HE LIVED TO STAND TRIAL BEFORE A HUNG JURY.
HIS CRIME? THE "MURDER" OF THE DOCTOR WHO TRIED TO HELP HIS WIFE.

WITNESSES CLAIMED THEY SAW JEDEDIAH CLUB THE DOCTOR TO DEATH BEFORE THE MOB JUMPED HIM.
YOUR MOTHER AND I WERE SO DISGUSTED BY OUR "GOOD NEIGHBORS'" TREATMENT OF JEDEDIAH AND HIS FAMILY, THAT WE PACKED UP AND MOVED OUT OF TOWN.


W-WE TOOK JEDEDIAH'S SON ...AND WHILE JEDEDIAH WAS SERVING TWENTY YEARS FOR A MURDER HE DIDN'T COMMIT, WE...WE RAISED THE BOY AS OUR OWN!
DAD...! Y-YOU MEAN I'M THAT BOY?
I'M JEDEDIAH PAN'S SON?

I...I MEANT TO TELL YOU YEARS AGO, SON. I ...I TRIED. BUT I COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO IT.
...I KNEW I'D LOSE YOU!
PA! HOW COULD YOU THINK SUCH A THING?


I...I LOVED YOU, BOY... AND... AND I KNEW THAT IF I TOLD YOU ABOUT YOUR REAL FATHER...!
I LOVE YOU, PA! YOU RAISED ME! TAUGHT ME TO FIGHT...TAUGHT ME TO SHOOT ...TAUGHT ME RIGHT FROM WRONG!
WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME HERE CHANGES NOTHING! YOU'RE MY FATHER...IN SPITE OF MY ACCIDENT OF BIRTH!

JEDEDIAH PAN DOESN'T THINK SO, SON.
HE WANTS YOU... AND HE WANTS THIS!
THIS IS THE WRISTBAND... THE SOURCE OF HIS DEMON-CONTROLLING POWER!

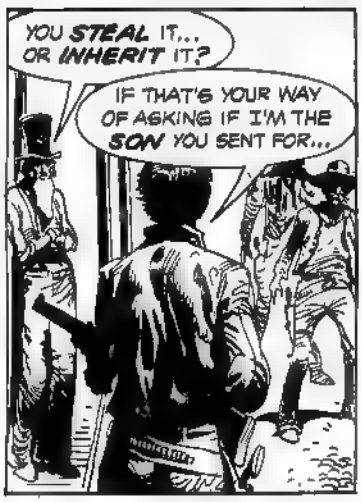
I PACKED IT UP THAT FATEFUL NIGHT GOD DELIVERED YOU INTO OUR HANDS.
I SAW MAYOR GOLD PICK UP THE OTHER BRACELET. NO DOUBT JEDEDIAH SAW IT, TOO ...AND NOW HAS IT BACK!

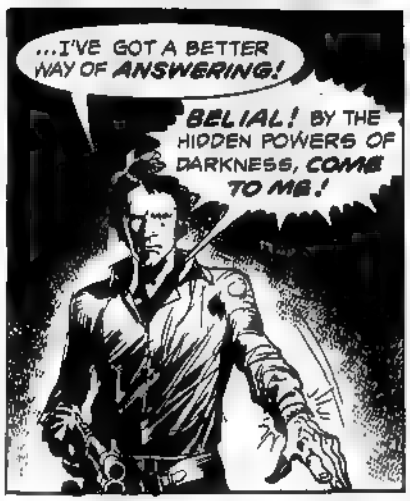
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GO TO HIM, JEREMIAH!
AND SOMEHOW...SOME WAY, YOU ALONE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO STOP HIM FROM DESTROYING A TOWN.

"I *UNDERSTAND,* PA."

"YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH FOR THE JOB, JEREMIAH. YOU'VE GOT YOUR OWN YOUTHFUL ***DETERMINATION...*** AND YOUR FATHER'S ***WRISTBAND...*** HIS POWER FOR CONJURING THAT EVIL ***DEMON!***"

NICE PIECE OF JEWELRY YOU GOT THERE, KID.


YOU STEAL IT... OR INHERIT IT?
IF THAT'S YOUR WAY OF ASKING IF I'M THE SON YOU SENT FOR...


...I'VE GOT A BETTER WAY OF ANSWERING!
BELIAL! BY THE HIDDEN POWERS OF DARKNESS, COME TO ME!

HA! HA! HA! HA! THAT'S A PRETTY SPEECH, KID!
WHAD'YA EXPECT IT TO DO FOR YOU... MATERIALIZE A DEMON? HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!

BELIAL GOES WITH THIS ARMBAND, BOY!
PFOOT!

AND SO DOES BALAM!
PFFFT!

AND BELPHEGOR!
PFOOT!

BAM!
BDLAM!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

TWOK!
BDWOW!

TWAPP!

BRPT!

CHOW! CHAMM!
PTCHOW! QU'NG!
BDAMM!

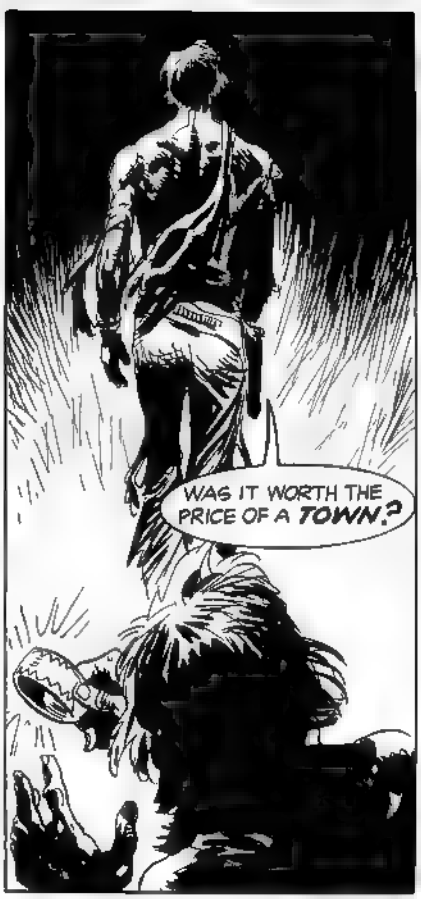
WOK!

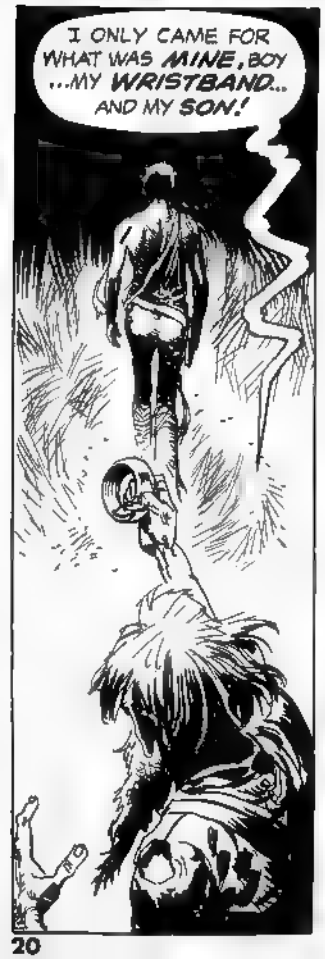
THWUK!

PTWOW!

I JUST CAME...

...TO GIVE YOU THIS!
TWING!


WAS IT WORTH THE PRICE OF A TOWN?


I ONLY CAME FOR WHAT WAS MINE, BOY ...MY WRISTBAND... AND MY SON!

YOU'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR ONE OLD MAN! THERE'S NO WAY IN HELL YOU CAN HAVE BOTH!

I... I UNDERSTAND!
THEN THERE'S NOTHING MORE FOR US IN THIS TOWN, MY FRIENDS.

WE'LL HAVE TO BE RIDING ON.
JUST LIKE THAT?
JUST LIKE THAT, AMIGO. WE'VE DONE WHAT WE'VE COME HERE TO DO. MY WIFE ...MY DAUGHTER BEEN AVENGED!

BUT WHAT OF YOUR SON? THE GRINGOS NEVER RETURNED TO US YOUR SON!
I HAVE A FEELING, MY FRIEND...THAT MY SON WAS LOST TWENTY YEARS AGO!

AND YOU, BOY...! SHOULD YOU EVER RUN INTO ANYONE WHO CLAIMS TO BE THE SON OF JEDEDIAH PAN...
...YOU GIVE HIM THIS FOR ME!

THREE OF HELL'S MOST POWERFUL DEMONS RESIDE WITHIN IT!
THEY'RE HIS TO COMMAND...!

ALL HE'S GOT TO DO IS CALL OUT THEIR NAMES.
ASMODEUS! ASTAROTH! AHRIMAN!

CAN YOU REMEMBER THAT, STRANGER?

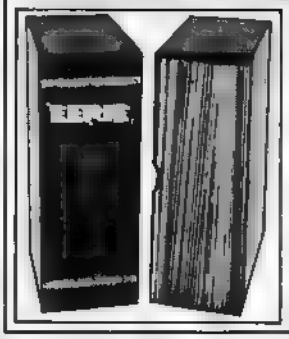
I'LL REMEMBER THAT...
...STRANGER!

CREEPY & EERIE RINGS

QUALITY JEWELRY COLLECTOR'S ITEM! FITS ANY FINGER

You asked for it, and here they are! These magnificently burnished Gold Finish Rings cover HALF your finger! They are specially made for us by a quality jewelry manufacturer & are adjustable to fit any finger. Guaranteed to become Collector's Items! The faces of CREEPY & EERIE are over 1-1/2" long, majestically sculptured in fine detail. You'll be proud to wear these costly looking fine rings for any occasion. Refer to the coupon last page of this magazine to order #2610 UNCLE CREEPY RING $1.25, and #2611 COUSIN EERIE RING $1.25!

SAVE YOUR EERIE



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BADGE

COUSIN EERIE'S OWN FAN CLUB AND IT'S BETTER THAN THE BIG CREEP's!! Here are the gruesome Goodies you get when you join Cousin Eerie's Fan Club: A magnificent PORTRAIT of Cousin Eerie by horror comics genius Richard Corben, ready for framing PLUS the Official full-color Eerie CLUB BADGE (high quality, heavy duty metal) PLUS your Official wallet-size Eerie MEMBERSHIP CARD (individually & personally numbered)! As soon as you receive your terrorific treasure trove, you'll chortle with glee – the items are that magnificently gruesome! You'll wear your ghastly Cousin Eerie Badge & carry the monstrous Membership Card with pride! All 3 of these enervating Eerie-ish items for ONLY $2.00. Send NOW!

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8 1/2"x11" PORTRAIT

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You love dear old Uncle Creepy and charming Cousin Eerie. Now you can wear your heart on your sleeve – or anywhere else for that matter. Get these bright multicolored cloth patches, embroidered with the likenesses of two of your favorite people. Sew them on your jacket, jeans, T-shirt, cap or anyplace. Patches are three inches tall. Eerie patch is aqua with green face. Creepy patch, orange with yellow face. Heavy duty, machine washable, satin bound. Buy a batch! #2621 CREEPY PATCH $1.00/ #2623 EERIE PATCH $1.00

SUPER-DELUXE SPOOKTACULAR CREEPY & EERIE MASKS!

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Specially made by Don Post! Finely executed with Creepish Craftsmanship to look just like our old Ugly Unc! High quality latex rubber and a ghastly, ghostly and realistic thatch of pale hair to top him off! A Morbid Masterwork! Order #2544 UNCLE CREEPY DELUXE MASK $14.95

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Heavy, durable, whole-headed mask of our half-wit fiend! COUSIN EERIE is Scarily Sculpted in high quality latex rubber, with some hollowly real and realistic hair atop his hand-painted face! A Clammy Classic! Order #2545 COUSIN EERIE DELUXE MASK $14.95

PLUS TWO TYPES CREEPY & EERIE BUDGET MASKS VINYL & RUBBER

BOTH BUDGET MASKS CAST FROM SAME MOLD! ONLY ONE IS VINYL, ONE IS RUBBER!

Both the vinyl & the rubber Budget masks, represented above, look alike, but the vinyl is sturdier, more heavy-duty. Both these makes of mask cover the entire head, too. Each is a bargain! You'll probably want all six: Deluxe, Vinyl & Rubber, to hold super CREEPY & EERIE parties!

#2566 CREEPY VINYL MASK $8.95
#2567 EERIE VINYL MASK $8.95

#2509 CREEPY RUBBER MASK $4.95
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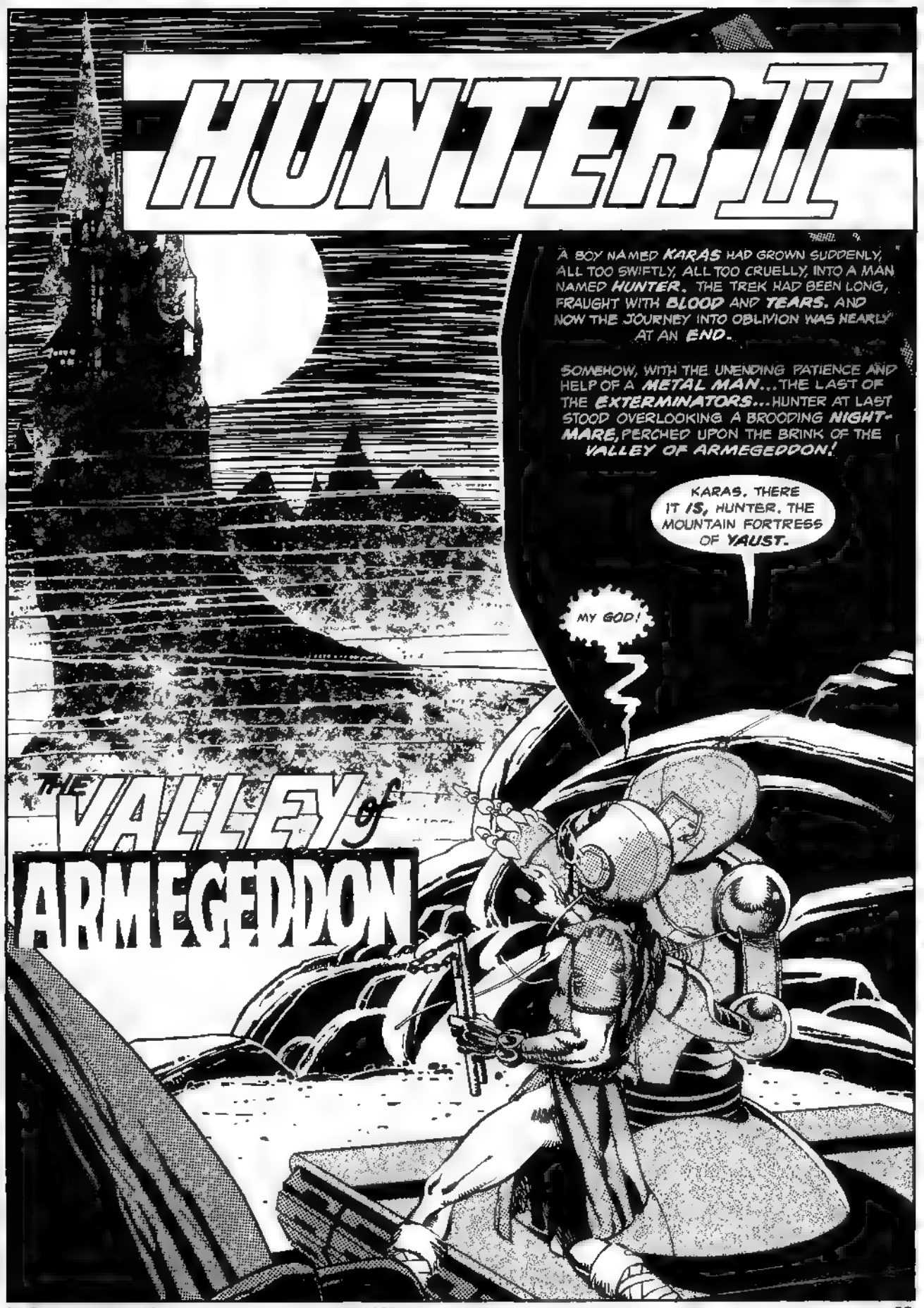
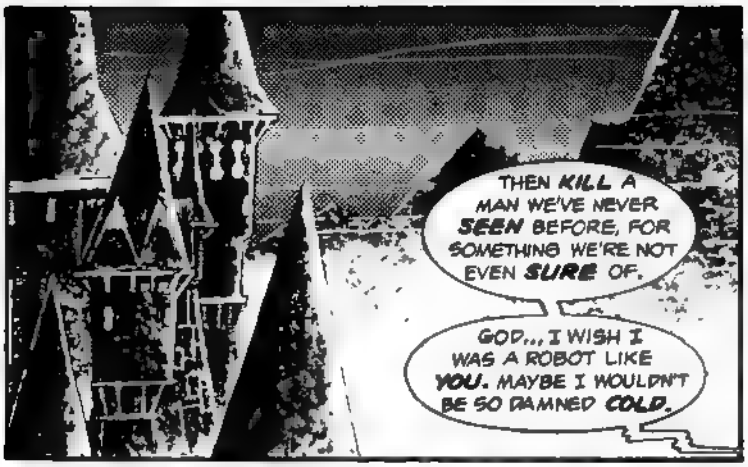
HERE ARE 3 FABULOUS SETS OF CREEPY-EERIE MASKS!

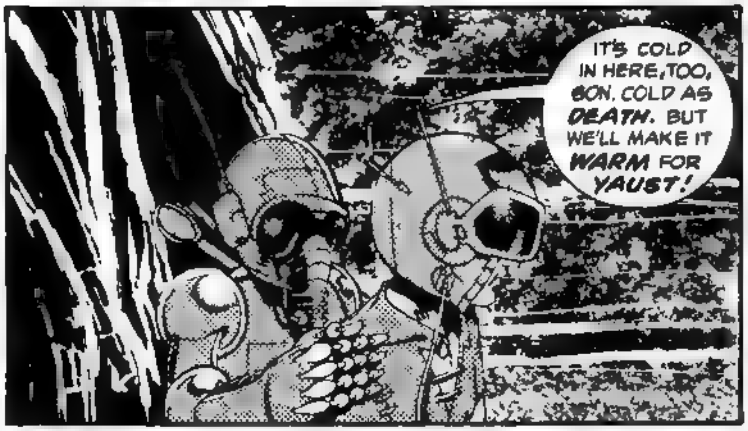
To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

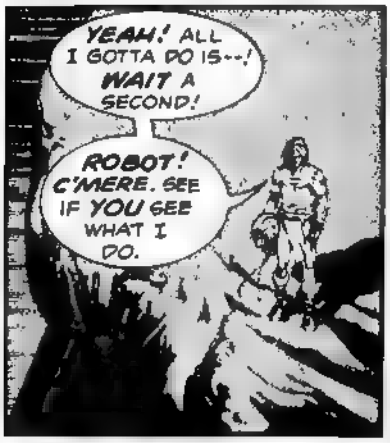


STORY: BUDD LEWIS / ART: PAUL NEARY

ITS LIKE WAKING FROM A BAD DREAM INTO A FULL BLOWN NIGHTMARE. SUDDENLY I'VE NEVER BEEN SO COLD. LOOK AT IT.
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS CLIMB DOWN THIS CLIFF, CROSS THE VALLEY, SCALE THE MOUNTAIN OF YAUST... AND FIND A WAY INSIDE.


THEN KILL A MAN WE'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE, FOR SOMETHING WE'RE NOT EVEN SURE OF.
GOD... I WISH I WAS A ROBOT LIKE YOU. MAYBE I WOULDN'T BE SO DAMNED COLD.

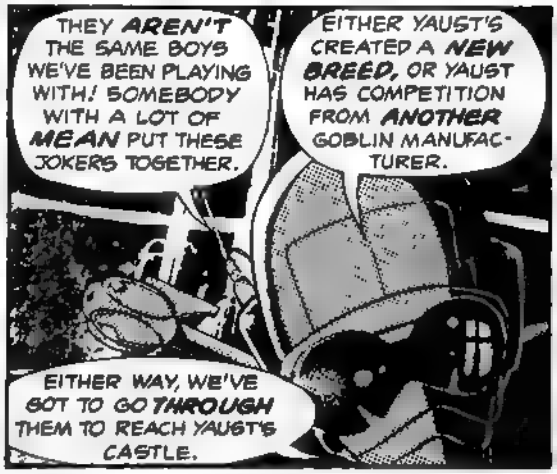

IT'S COLD IN HERE, TOO, SON. COLD AS DEATH. BUT WE'LL MAKE IT WARM FOR YAUST!


YEAH! ALL I GOTTA DO IS--! WAIT A SECOND!
ROBOT! C'MERE. SEE IF YOU SEE WHAT I DO.

THERE. ON THE VALLEY FLOOR.

THERE ARE MOVING LIGHTS. SEE? CAN YOU ZOOM-IN ON IT?

ZOOMING IN. GOT 'EM. IT'S COMPANY ALL RIGHT.
GOBLINS. ONLY... DIFFERENT. BIGGER. FIERCE WARRIORS DRESSED IN CHAIN-MAIL.


THEY AREN'T THE SAME BOYS WE'VE BEEN PLAYING WITH! SOMEBODY WITH A LOT OF MEAN PUT THESE JOKERS TOGETHER.
EITHER YAUST'S CREATED A NEW BREED, OR YAUST HAS COMPETITION FROM ANOTHER GOBLIN MANUFACTURER.
EITHER WAY, WE'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH THEM TO REACH YAUST'S CASTLE.

THEN, COME ON, ROBOT. LET'S GET DOWN THIS CLIFF AND CROSS THAT VALLEY BEFORE THEY GET WIND OF US.
CAN YOU MAKE THE DESCENT WITH THOSE TANK TREADS?

YEAH... ALL FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS OF YOU.
WE'LL FIND OUT. YOU GO FIRST. IF I SLIP, YOU CAN CATCH ME!
IF YOU SLIP, I'LL BE THE FIRST TO JUMP OUT OF THE WAY AND WAVE BYE-BYE AT YA!

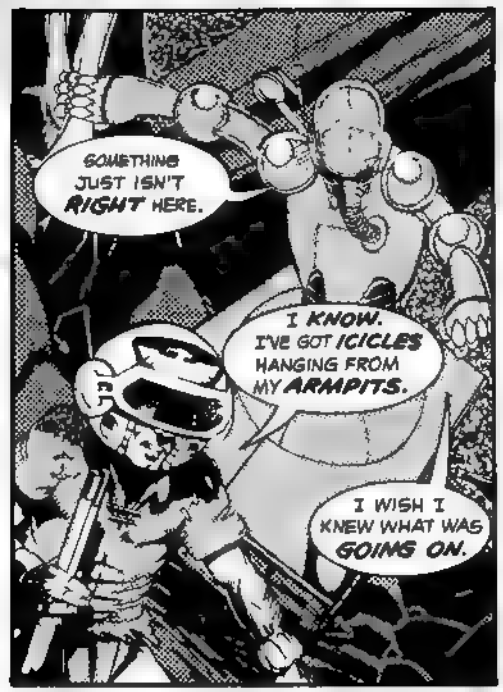
THE DESCENT INTO THE FOREBODING VALLEY WAS AS A DESCENT INTO HELL. FOR MANY GNEW-WRENCHING MINUTES THE TWO COMRADES STRUGGLED IN SILENCE, PRAYING NOT TO SO MUCH AS RATTLE A STONE.

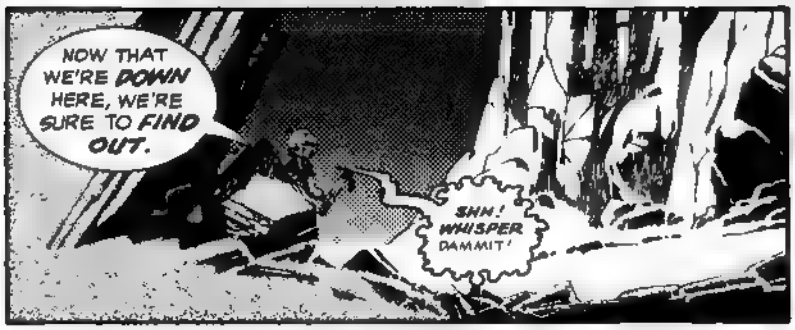
LOOK! HUNDREDS OF TORCHES! IT'S AN ENTIRE ARMY OF GOBLINS.
I...DON'T KNOW, SON. I REALLY DON'T. YET.
HOW WILL WE EVER GET PAST THEM?

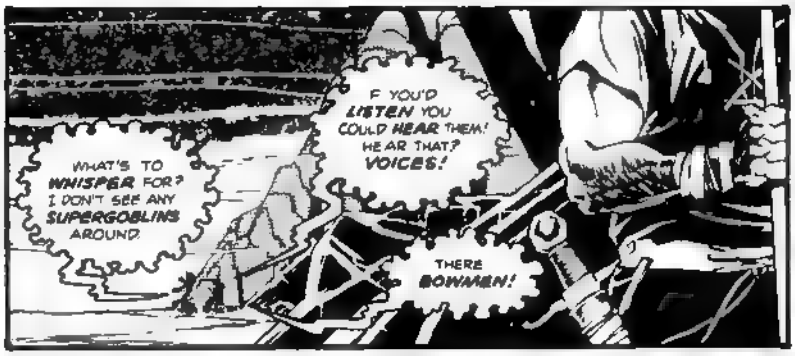
I WAS HOPING WE COULD STAY HERE TILL THEY PASSED BY. BUT THEY'VE STOPPED.
THEY'RE BREAKING INTO SMALLER GROUPS. AND JUDGING BY THE TORCHLIGHTS, THEY'RE CAMPING!

SUDDENLY A CHILL SHADOW, AS COLD AS A GRAVESTONE, PASSED ACROSS THE MOON.
ROBOT... WHAT'S--?
SHH! NO NOISE!

A WINGED CREATURE. WITH A GOBLIN RIDER. WHAT HORROR IS THIS?
I DON'T WANT TO THINK.
SSSKKREEE!
GOD! LISTEN TO THAT THING SCREAM!
THOSE SUPERGOBLINS HEARD IT TOO! EVERY LAST CAMPFIRE JUST WENT OUT.
KID...WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING!

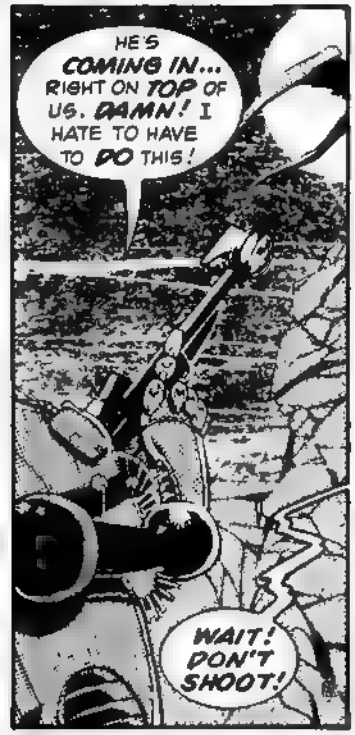

SOMETHING JUST ISN'T RIGHT HERE.
I KNOW. I'VE GOT ICICLES HANGING FROM MY ARMPITS.
I WISH I KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON.


NOW THAT WE'RE DOWN HERE, WE'RE SURE TO FIND OUT.
SHH! WHISPER DAMMIT!


WHAT'S TO WHISPER FOR? I DON'T SEE ANY SUPERGOBLINS AROUND.
IF YOU'D LISTEN YOU COULD HEAR THEM! HEAR THAT? VOICES!
THERE BOWMEN!

TWO UGLY MOTHERS! THEY JUST NOTCHED THEIR ARROWS! FLAMING ARROWS! WHAT GIVES?
THEY SEE SOMETHING WE DON'T!

SKREEEYAHEE!
THE DRAGON RIDER!


HE'S COMING IN... RIGHT ON TOP OF US. DAMN! I HATE TO HAVE TO DO THIS!
WAIT! DON'T SHOOT!

SKREEEEEKKEEE!
KILL THE PUKING SPY!

CHOK!
THUK!
THE BRACE OF FLAMING SHAFTS FOUND HOME WITH SURE AND DEADLY INTENT.

BOTH NIGHTMARE BEAST AND NIGHTSHADE RIDER CAME DOWN UPON THE VALLEY FLOOR TO WRIGGLE AND DIE...
...RIGHT ON TOP OF HUNTER!
SKREE REE!
JUMP! IT'S GONNA CRASH ON US!

PULL YOURSELF CLEAR AND RUN! THOSE TWO ARCHERS HEARD YOU YELL!
DID I YELL? I THOUGHT I SCREAMED!

OVER HERE! I HEARD A HUMAN VOICE! FIND HIM!
YOU FOUND HIM, UGLY!
BDD-BDDA BDDA
NAYAHHH!

EXTERMINATOR, HOLD UP THAT TORCH. LET'S SEE WHAT A DRAGON RIDER LOOKS LIKE.
UGH! LOOK AT THAT KISSER!
HEY! HE'S STILL ALIVE.

WHAT IS IT? DO YOU WANT TO SPEAK? GO AHEAD. TRY.
NGH! G-GOBLIN ARMY... COMES. WARN...WARN OUR...ARMY.

HE'S DEAD. MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF YAUST'S SPIES.
I DON'T THINK SO, KARAS. WHY WOULD HE WARN YAUST'S ARMY AGAINST YAUST'S OWN MEN. IT DOESN'T ADD UP!
CAPTAINNN!

YOU'RE SLIPPING, EXTERMINATOR. ONE OF THOSE BOWMEN IS STILL ALIVE. HE'S CALLING TO US.
CAPTAIN! PLEASE WAIT. I...AM DYING! SIR...THE DRAGON RIDER IS...IS SLAIN...!

GAG! GNASHTUK AND I...DIED...BRINGING HIM DOWN. BUT THERE WILL BE OTHERS...! OTHER TROLLS WAITING. CAPTAIN...GAG! BEWARE!
TROLLS? WHAT THE DEVIL IS GOING ON HERE?

CONFUSION SWIRLING IN THEIR MINDS, KARAS HUNTER AND THE ROBOT TOOK WING BENEATH THE SHADOW OF THE BLACK, TOWERING MOUNTAIN AND RACED ACROSS THE FOR-BIDDEN VALLEY FLOOR.

TROLLS! GOBLINS! DRAGONS AND WIZARDS! I'M QUITTING THE HERO BUSINESS! A HUMAN JUST DOESN'T FIT IN HERE!

HOW ABOUT ME?

YOU, TINMAN? YOU FIT IN!

COME ON. MAKE FOR THE CLIFF WALL!

UH-OH! WE'VE RUN SMACK INTO A PATROL OF GOBLINS!

TROLLS?

GOBLINS! AND THEY'VE SEEN US!

HOLD, MIGHTY WARRIORS! THE TROLLS ARE RIGHT BEHIND US!

WE MUST RUN TO ALMIGHTY YAUST AND PROTECT HIM FROM THE COMING DOGS!

TROLLS? WHAT?

YES! TROLLS! WE HAVE A MESSAGE FOR MASTER YAUST CONCERNING THE DAMNED WHITE COUNCIL!

LET US THROUGH! QUICKLY!

THE RUSE WAS QUICK AND CLEVER, YET THE GOBLIN FORCES WERE AS QUICK TO SEE THROUGH IT.

KILL THESE LIARS! NO MORTAL OR METAL MAN SERVES YAUST.

DESTROY THESE SPIES! THEN PREPARE TO MEET THE ADVANCE OF THE TROLLS!

AIIEE!

I KNEW IT WOULDN'T WORK! CHEW ON THIS THEN, YOU UGLY MAGGOTS!

KARAS! GET BEHIND ME... BACK TO BACK! FIGHT LIKE HELL, BOY!

NARRGG! AIIEE!

AH!

BDDA! BDDA-BOO!

KILLING GOBLINS! JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, BUDDY!

THE DEMONIC FORCES SWELLED AND BROKE UPON THE OUTNUMBERED HEROES LIKE OCEAN WAVES. YET, THE MUTANTS ONLY FOUGHT TO KILL...

KT-AK!

KWAK!

...WHILE KARAS AND THE EXTERMINATOR FOUGHT TO SURVIVE. YET EVEN FOR ALL THEIR DESPERATION, FOR ALL THEIR KILLER INSTINCTS, THE ODDS WERE GREATER BY OVERWHELMING NUMBERS... AND DEATH LOOMED GREEDILY.

BUT SUDDENLY...THERE WAS A NEW SOUND, OTHER THAN THE SOUNDS OF DYING AND DEATH. IT WAS LIKE A TERRIBLE CHANT, RISING HIGHER, HIGHER, SPLITTING THE AIR WITH GROTESQUE THUNDER.

WOKKA THWAK

AIEEE!

PTONW!

K-CHKK!

K-TWANG!

AND THEN THERE WERE...THE TROLLS! A MUTATED ARMY OF HORROR HAD COME TO JOIN THE KING OF WAR! HORROR CAME TO CLASH WITH TERROR...WITH TWO UNKNOWN HEROES CAUGHT BETWEEN THE DREAD JAWS AS THE TEETH BEGAN TO GRIND.

TROLLS!

LAY INTO THE MONSTERS!

SLAY THE TROLLS!

SECONDS CRAWLED BY LIKE CENTURIES AS THE NIGHTMARE GREW INTO MIND-BLASTING PROPORTIONS ABOUT THEM. HOT, STEAMING ENTRAILS SLOPPED TO THE GROUND AS BLUE BLACK BLOOD ROSE LIKE THE CURRENTS OF A RIVER ABOUT THEIR ANKLES. AND YET THE MADNESS INCREASED FAR BEYOND A MERE FEVER PITCH.

KNOW WHO TO KILL? THIS IS GETTING CONFUSING!

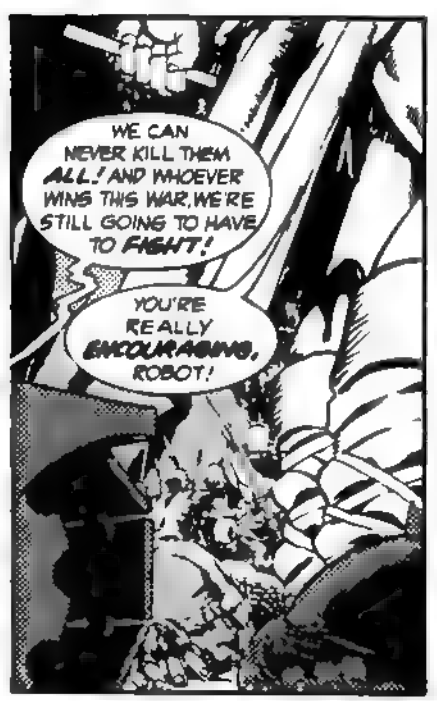
JUST SLAUGHTER ANYTHING THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ME!

PGHAM!

KRTKK!

K-TANG!

I-IT'S USELESS, ROBOT! I-I'M ABOUT TO GO DOWN! CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS!
MY RIFLE IS ALMOST EMPTY, TOO. WE'RE IN BAD TROUBLE, MY SON.
K-CHANG!


WE CAN NEVER KILL THEM ALL! AND WHOEVER WINS THIS WAR, WE'RE STILL GOING TO HAVE TO FIGHT!
YOU'RE REALLY ENCOURAGING, ROBOT!

HEY! UP THERE! MAYBE WE CAN CREATE A DIVERSION! THINK YOU CAN SHOOT A DENT IN THAT BALANCING ROCK?

IF YOU PUT A COUPLE ROUNDS INTO THE CENTER OF IT, WE MIGHT HAVE OURSELVES A FIRST CLASS AVALANCHE!
AND IF I HIT IT WRONG, IT'S US AND NOT THEM WHO'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!
ALL YOU CAN DO, ROBOT, IS...

...TRY!
BDDA-BDDA-BDAM-BOW!

AAIEEE!
YOU GOT IT! A FIRST CLASS LAND-SLIDE... SEPARATING THE GOOD GUYS FROM THE BAD GUYS!
NOW LET'S ROLL THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

QUICK! UP THE CANYON WALLS TO YAUGT'S CASTLE!

YOU GO, BOY! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO HOLD OFF THE TROLLS THAT'LL BE COMING OVER THOSE ROCKS ANY SECOND NOW

NO WAY! I'M NOT GOING WITHOUT YOU!

I LEFT MY CLIMBING TREADS AT HOME, KID. GET GOING!

I'VE ONLY GOTTEN THIS FAR WITH YOUR HELP! I CAN'T GO IT ALONE. NOW! GET UP HERE! PUT IT IN GEAR, DAMMIT!

UH OH! HERE THEY COME! CLIMB FOR YOUR LIFE, BOY!

BDDA-BBOO-BDDA-BDA!

THAT'S IT, I'M OUT OF JUICE. MAYBE ONE MORE SHOT!

NARR! GOBLINS! COME DOWN AND DIE, MAGGOTS!

HEY! HERE COMES THE CAVALRY... OR THE INDIANS! WE MAY BE IN LUCK IF THEY GO FOR EACH OTHER INSTEAD OF US!

EXIT, STRAIGHT UP! C'MERE, TANK-MAN!

LOOK AT THEM GET IT ON DOWN THERE.

UGH! I...I CAN'T PULL YOU UP... T-TOO HEAVY!

DON'T PULL. JUST STEADY ME...

...THE REST ME AND MY TREADS'LL DO!

OH GOD... MY SHOULDER'S DISLOCATING!

ALMOST... ALMOST... THERE!

THE VALLEY OF ARMEGEDDON.

THE FINAL CHAPTER OF THE APOCALYPSE.

AS THE FINAL PAGES WERE BEING WRITTEN IN BLOOD, A SUDDEN SENTENCE OF DOOM HURLED FROM THE ROILING HEAVENS.
ROBOT!
SKREEEE!
LOOK OUT! IT'S A BOMB!

BLADOOODOOM!

THE LAST SHOT'S FOR YOU, YOU VOMIT!
SKREEEE!
BOOA-BAP!

KARAS! BOY! OH, GOD, DON'T LET HIM BE DEAD! NOT HERE! NOT THIS WAY! NOT NOW! PLEASE!

THIS AIN'T NO WAY FOR A KID TO DIE. OH... THEY BLEW HIM UP BAD. BLEW HIS FINGERS AWAY! DAMMIT!
I STOMPED THROUGH SWAMPS KNEE DEEP IN BLOOD WITH THIS BOY... JUST TO HELP HIM GET HERE!
IT CAN'T END IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWER... AT THE VALLEY OF ARMEGEDDON!
SLUTT!

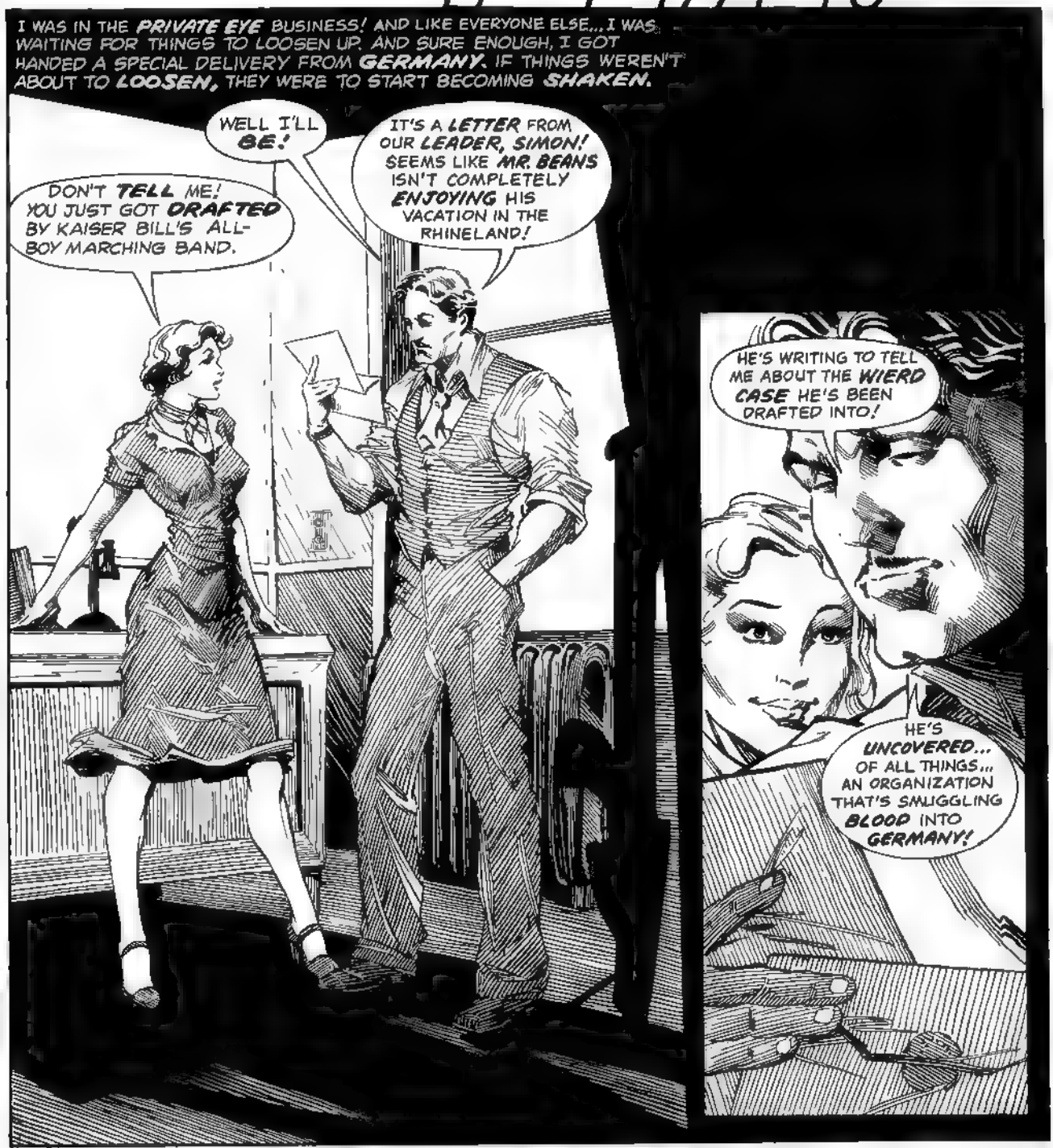
QUICKLY, CHILDREN! COME INSIDE BEFORE THEY SEE US! POOR ANIMALS!
PLEASE! COME IN, COME IN. WE'VE GOT TO SEE TO THE BOY'S HURTS!

WELL? DON'T JUST STAND THERE WHIRRING AND CLICKING AT ME... I AM YAUST. DO HURRY...
...FOR ONLY I CAN SAVE THE BOY NOW!
AND SAVE HIM I WILL...EVEN THOUGH HE CAME HERE TO KILL ME!
AND THUS IT WAS THAT A ROBOT AND A BOY TEETERING ON THE EDGE OF DEATH, CAME TO AN END OF THEIR QUEST... THE CASTLE OF THE WIZARD YAUST!

1932...

OCTOBER 29th, THREE YEARS TO THE DAY SINCE THE BOTTOM HAD FALLEN OUT OF THE NATION OVER ON WALL STREET. WE WERE JUST GETTING OVER THE **SHOCK** OF BEING **BROKE**. NOW WE WEREN'T **SHOCKED**. JUST **BROKE**. BERLIN HAD JUST FALLEN UNDER MARTIAL LAW. A NEW GERMAN POLITICAL FACTION CALLED **"NAZI STORM TROOPERS"** WERE CHASTISING THE COMMUNISTS IN DER FADDERLAND. AND **ME?** I WAS **ONE HALF** OF A STRUGGLING ENTERPRISE.

Reuben Youngblood: PRIVATE EYE!



STORY: BUDD LEWIS / ART: BERNI WRIGHTSON and HOWARD CHAYKIN

IT SEEMS THE SMUGGLERS ARE A GROUP OF WELL-TO-DO *SOCIALITES* WHO TOUR THE WORLD, LURING WOULD-BE-STATUS SEEKERS INTO THEIR ENTOURAGE. THE SOCIAL CLIMBERS ALWAYS *DISAPPEAR...* YET IN THEIR PLACE, THERE MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARS SEVERAL *GALLONS* OF *FRESH HUMAN BLOOD!*

SIMON WRITES THAT HE LEARNED OF THE SMUGGLERS WHEN A SMALL SEA-PLANE, CARRYING A *CASE* OF THE BOOT-LEGGED BLOOD, ACCIDENTALLY CRASH-LANDED IN A NEARBY GERMAN VILLAGE!

WHEN IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT THE PLANE WAS AMERICAN-OWNED, SIMON WAS CALLED INTO THE CASE.

IN THE WRECKAGE OF THE CRAFT, HE FOUND A SMASHED CRATE, WITH THE SHATTERED BOTTLES CONTAINING THE *BLOOD*. HE ALSO FOUND A *LEDGER* WITH THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO HAD *PURCHASED* THE GHASTLY STUFF. WHAT HE DIDN'T FIND OUT, WAS THE *WHY* OF IT ALL!

WHO WOULD WANT BLOOD SO BADLY TO *MURDER* FOR IT. AND WHAT DID THEY WANT IT *FOR?*

SINCE SIMON BEGAN HIS INVESTIGATIONS, HE CLAIMS THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL ATTEMPTS ON HIS LIFE.

HE'S WRITING TO *WARN ME!* HE FIGURES THAT SINCE *I'M* THE *OTHER* HALF OF *YOUNGBLOOD & BEANS, INC.* THEY MIGHT TAKE A CRACK AT *ME* TOO!

HOT DAMN! IF THEY *GET HIM*, THE BUSINESS WILL BE *ALL MINE!*

REUBEN!

SORRY, LOVE! I GOT CARRIED AWAY!

BEWARE: The Scarlet Combine

MISTER REUBEN YOUNGBLOOD, PRIVATE OPERATIVE? I'VE BEEN SITTING IN YOUR WAITING ROOM FOR AN *HOUR!* IF *THIS* IS HOW YOU TREAT *ALL* YOUR PAYING CUSTOMERS, I CAN LOOK *ELSEWHERE* FOR AN *INVESTIGATOR!*

WELL! PLEASE WON'T YOU COME *IN?!*

HAD I KNOWN I HAD SUCH A LOVELY CLIENTELE I WOULD HAVE SEEN YOU *SOONER!*

WELL... AHEM, THANK YOU. BUT I *AM* RUSHED.

WHERE ARE MY MANNERS? WON'T YOU PLEASE SIT, MISS... UH, MISS--?
KELLY! JUST PLAIN KELLY! AND I'LL STAND.
ALL RIGHT THEN, "JUST PLAIN KELLY," WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, HONEY?
WELL, FOR STARTERS, MR. PRIVATE DICK, THE NAME ISN'T HONEY AND...
...STOP SUCKING ON THAT DISGUSTING CIGAR WHILE A LADY TALKS TO YOU!
YOU CAN ALSO QUIT TRYING TO COME ON LIKE SYDNEY GREENSTREET! IT MAKES NO IMPRESSION.
HERE'S THE PROPOSITION. MY EMPLOYER, MADAM VON PARSEVAL, REQUIRES THE SERVICES OF AT LEAST A SEMI-COMPETANT BODY-GUARD...WHICH BRINGS ME TO A SEMI-COMPETANT DETECTIVE. MADAM AND SEVERAL BUSINESS ASSOCIATES ARE FLYING FIRST THING TOMORROW BACK TO GERMANY.
ONCE WE ARRIVE SAFELY, YOUR SERVICES WILL BE TERMINATED. THE FEE IS FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND EXPENSES. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, FELLA!
WITH SUCH A GRACIOUS INVITATION, AND AN OPPORTUNITY TO BE IN SUCH DELIGHTFULLY FEMININE COMPANY, I'LL TAKE IT. FIVE UP FRONT...SISTER! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!
GERMANY?
NEVER HAVING MADE A TRANS-ATLANTIC FLIGHT BEFORE, MY STOMACH WOKE UP LONG BEFORE I DID THAT NEXT MORNING. KELLY, IN A SLICK CHRYSLER, PICKED ME UP AND DROVE ME TO THE AIRFIELD. I WAS TERRIFIED OF PLANES WHICH I WASN'T PILOTING ...AS IT TURNED OUT, IT WASN'T A PLANE I HAD TO FEAR...
...BUT THE DAMNDEST ZEPPELIN I'D EVER SEEN.
THIS IS WHAT WE'RE FLYING IN? AREN'T YOU A LITTLE OLD TO BE PLAYING WITH BALOONS, YOUNG LADY?
I HAPPEN TO LIKE BIG BAGS OF HOT AIR...WHICH IS WHY I HIRED YOU, WINDY!
TOUCHE.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, I WAS A BIT WARY OF MY GERMAN BENEFACTORS... PARTICULARLY AFTER RECEIVING SIMON'S LETTER.

MR. REUBEN YOUNGBLOOD, MAY I PRESENT MY MISTRESS, MADAM VON PARSEVAL. MR. YOUNGBLOOD WILL BE OFFERING HIS **SERVICES** TO US UNTIL WE REACH HOME, MADAM.

AH, MR. YOUNGBLOOD. YOU ARE SO HANDSOME, AND **RUGGED**-LOOKING! I AM SURE I WILL BE QUITE **SAFE** WITH YOU AS MY BODYGUARD!

MADAM, YOU'RE VERY **KIND**.

I SINCERELY HOPE I WILL NOT **FAIL** YOU, MADAME VON PARSEVAL!

YOU WILL NOT **FAIL**, MR. YOUNGBLOOD. OF THAT, I HAVE **NO DOUBT**.

HAVE YOU FLOWN A **ZEPPELIN** BEFORE, SIR?

NO? THEN YOU ARE IN FOR A **TREAT**. ZEPPELINS ARE GERMANY'S **GIFT** TO THE **WORLD** IN FLYING EXCELLENCE. ALL I SHALL REQUIRE OF YOU IS TO BE ON GUARD FOR ANYONE WHO MIGHT TRY TO DISRUPT THIS VOYAGE.

YOU'LL HAVE MY **FULL** ATTENTION.

ONCE THE SIX HUNDRED FOOT AIRSHIP REACHED ITS CRUISING ALTITUDE, ONE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE WATER, ITS TWO MILLION CUBIC FOOT GAS VOLUME, POWERED BY FIVE MAYBACH ENGINES, SOARED TOWARD GERMANY AT A **HUNDRED** MILES PER HOUR.

THE ENTERTAINMENT WITHIN THE LIGHTER-THAN-AIR-SHIP WAS **OPULENT**. IT WAS MORE LIKE A LAVISH **CABERET** INSIDE, COMPLETE WITH UNBOUNDED **FRAULEIN ESCAPADES**. I STAYED ON THE FRINGES OF THE BOISTUROUS PARTYING, SINGLING OUT AND FACIALLY MEMORIZING INDIVIDUAL PASSENGERS.

QUICKLY I SPOTTED THE FOUR ASSOCIATES OF THE MADAM. THERE WAS HERR GRUBER, TYPICAL HARD NOSE KRAUT... **BAWDY** AND **CRUDE**.

HERR WEIMAR, BESPECTACLED, QUIET UNTIL THREE DEEP IN THE SCHNAPPS, THEN **OVERSEXED** AND **UNDERCOURAGEOUS**.

HERR SCHTALLBOK, FIFTY, STIFF, AFFLICTED WITH A GLAZED **FLIGHT-LEADER STARE**.

HERR MUELLER LOOKED LIKE A SHRINER ON CONVENTION. BUT UNDERNEATH HIS OILY POMADE, STIRRED A BRAIN THAT FAIRLY SCREAMED, "**NAZI!**"

AFTER HAVING LOGGED A MENTAL PROFILE ON THE MADAM'S ENTOURAGE, I QUIETLY REPAIRED TO THE BAR TO ENJOY MY FIRST WHISKY AND WATER SINCE
WILL YOU HAVE A DRINK, MR. DETECTIVE?
YOU'LL FIND GERMAN MORALS FAR ADVANCED OVER YOUR OWN. WE BELIEVE QUIET SINCERELY IN BEVERAGES WITH BACKBONE.
OH, WE YANKS BELIEVE IN BEVERAGES TOO. WE JUST DON'T HAVE THE BACKBONE TO LEGALIZE THEM. WE TAKE UP OUR TIME ARGUING ABOUT LIQUOR RATHER THAN ABOUT NAZIS.
QUITE A HOSTESS, YOUR LADY. I JUST WISH I KNEW WHAT I'M EXPECTED TO DO ON THIS FLIGHT. WHY DON'T YOU CLEAR IT UP FOR ME AND CLUE ME IN? WHO AM I TO PROTECT MADAM FROM? AND WHY IN THE WORLD DOES A WOMAN AS BEAUTIFUL AS HER NEED PROTECTING AT ALL?
AH, KELLY AND OUR HERR YOUNGBLOOD. WHAT A PRETTY PAIR. I HOPE YOU TWO WILL ATTEND THE GAYLA COSTUME PARTY TONIGHT. I'VE SPENT DAYS PLANNING IT. MUST RUN! ENJOY YOURSELVES.
LOOK, RUEBEN, I'M JUST MADAM'S PERSONAL SECRETARY. NOT A CONFIDANT OR FRIEND. THIS IS JUST MY JOB. I DO IT AND KEEP MY MOUTH AND EARS SHUT. AND A WISE LITTLE YANK MIGHT DO THE SAME. IT AVOIDS SPARKS.
AND INSIDE A GAS FILLED ZEPPELIN, ONE SPARK COULD BLOW THIS WHOLE SHIP OUT OF EXISTANCE. NOW, HOW ABOUT ANOTHER DECADENT GERMAN DRINK?
THE ROTOR BLADES PUSHED THE GERMAN AIRSHIP, SKIMMING ABOVE THE CHURNING ATLANTIC. ITS QUINTUPLET ENGINES DRONED NEARLY SOUNDLESSLY AS IT CARRIED A CARGO OF PARTYING DEUTCHLANDERS, ONE CONFUSED YANKEE BODYGUARD AND AN ENIGMATIC MYSTERY THAT CLUNG IN THE REAR OF MY MIND LIKE STICKY AIRCRAFT PASTE!

THE SHIP WAS BEAUTIFUL, BUT EERIE. AFTER SOMEONE TOLD ME THAT WE HAD TO WEAR CANVAS SHOES TO KEEP FROM PRODUCING STATIC ELECTRICITY WHICH COULD BLOW UP THE SHIP, I FAIRLY TIPTOED. BUT THE NAME OF THE ZEPPELIN, "BAKKA"...ONLY ADDED TO THE GNAWING IN MY HEAD.
THE GAYLA MASQUE WAS IN SESSION. IT WAS SURPRISINGLY A NEAR SOMBRE AFFAIR COMPARED TO THE COCKTAIL HOUR FESTIVITIES EARLIER. IF I'D HAVE BEEN A BLOODHOUND INSTEAD OF A YOUNGBLOOD, MY NOSE WOULD HAVE BEEN TWITCHING WITH SUSPICIONS. IT WAS ANYWAY.
I THOUGHT DOWN UNDERNEATH ALL THAT TOUGH-GUY EXTERIOR, I'D FIND A ZASU PITTS.
YOU'RE SURPRISED TO FIND GARBO?
SUDDENLY MY MOOD WAS SIDETRACKED ON TO A VERY DELIGHTFUL DIVERSION.
KELLY! ALL OF A SUDDEN I SEE YOU IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT! COME HERE, DOLL!
ITS SURPRISING HOW MUCH A GIRL CAN HIDE UNDER A BUSINESS-LIKE AIR YOU LIKE MY COSTUME?
WHO'S HE? WHY DON'T WE GO OUT ON THE PROMENADE DECK, WATCH THE STARS, AND YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT A NICE IRISH GIRL NAMED KELLY IS DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS.
WHY DON'T WE JUST NECK?
THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE IN THE DECK ROOM. COUPLE OF OTHER WOULD-BE NECKERS, I THOUGHT. THE LIGHT CLICKED OFF JUST AS I GLIMPSED A BLONDE WOMAN.
MY LADY AND I JUST SETTLED DOWN, WHEN I CAUGHT ANOTHER GLIMPSE. A MAN PUSHED A WOMAN INTO A DIVIDING ROOM AND SLAMMED THE DOOR. THERE WAS A MUFFLED SCREAM.

ANOTHER SCREAM. I RACED TO THE DOOR AND SLAMMED MY WEIGHT AGAINST IT. LOCKED LIKE A CRYPT.

BUTCHER HER! THE NECK! SLICE HER NECK!

GOOD! GOOD! NOW! THERE! INSIDE THE ELBOW!

BEHIND THE KNEE! GOD! LOOK AT IT PUMP!

GET ALL THE ARTERIES! CUT DEEP! DEEPER! THERE! OHHHH!

SIMPLY MARVELOUS, MADAM. IT WILL TRULY BE A PLEASURE WORKING WITH YOU.

I KNEW YOU'D APPROVE. THIS SCARLET COMBINE NEEDS CUSTOMERS LIKE YOU, HERR.

YOUR EFFORTS WILL BE REWARDED... HANDSOMELY.

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH. SOMETHING DISGUSTING AS HELL IS GOING ON UP HERE. I'VE BEEN DUPED INTO COMING ALONG IN THIS GAME AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT THE RULES.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, EITHER...BUT RIGHT NOW, YOU NEED A FRIEND.

GOTTA GET IN THAT ROOM.

I'LL LET YOU IN.

MADAM!?

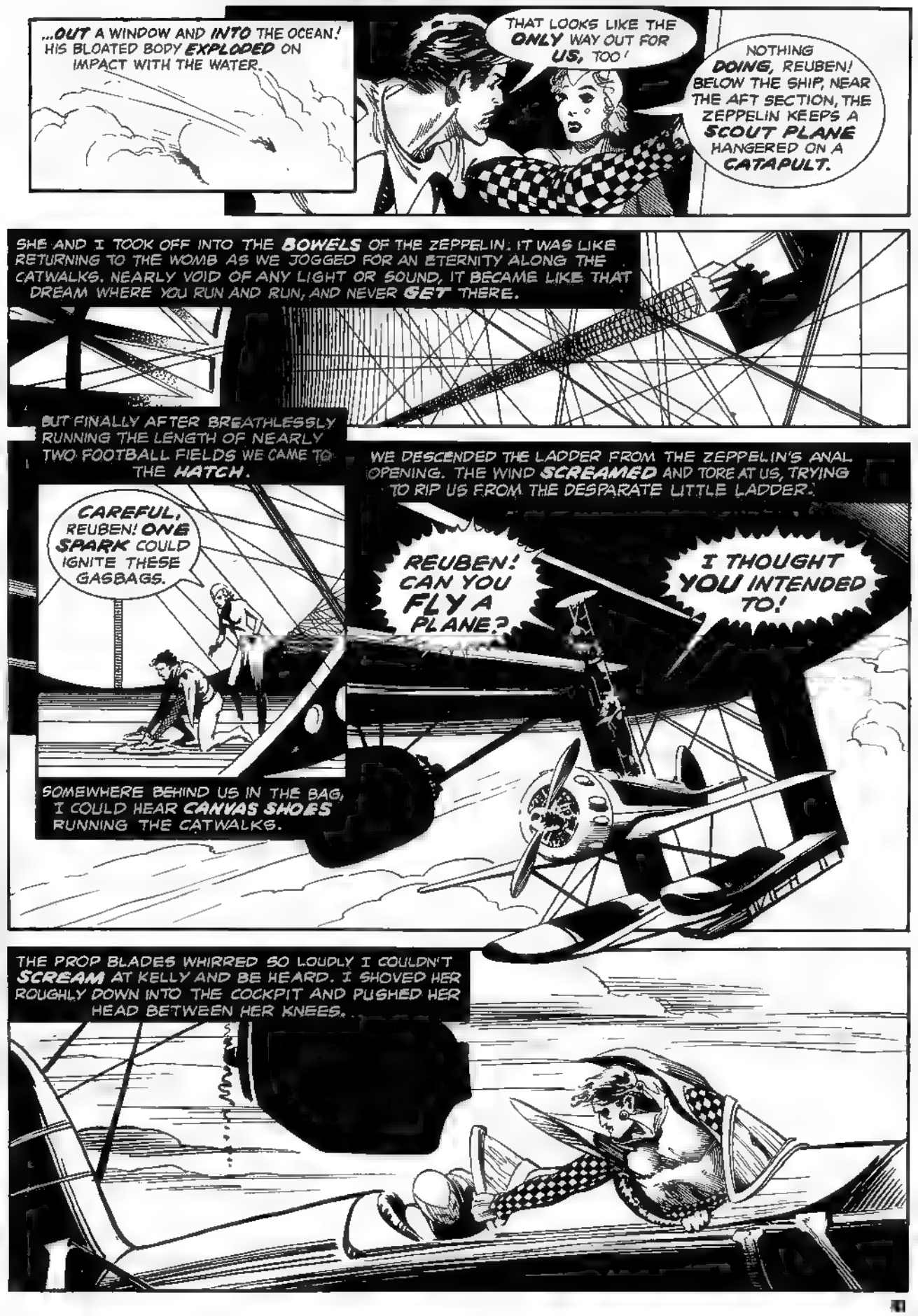
I SWEAR TO YOU, REUBEN...WHATEVER SHE'S UP TO, I'M NOT.

I BELIEVE YOU. ALL RIGHT, MADAM, START TALKING OR I START TAKING THIS PLACE APART. WHAT IS THE SCARLET COMBINE? WHERE ARE WE GOING? AND WHAT'S--!

SHUT YOUR MOUTH... AND YOU'LL LEARN SOMETHING. BEFORE YOU AND YOUR NEW "FRIEND" BECOME PART OF THE COMBINE'S OUTPUT!

THAT DID IT! I DIDN'T NEED TO HEAR A SENTENCE MORE! I GRABBED KELLY AND RAN!

BUT WE WERE TRAPPED. WHERE COULD WE ESCAPE TO ON A GAS BLIMP?


...OUT A WINDOW AND INTO THE OCEAN! HIS BLOATED BODY EXPLODED ON IMPACT WITH THE WATER.
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY WAY OUT FOR US, TOO!
NOTHING DOING, REUBEN! BELOW THE SHIP, NEAR THE AFT SECTION, THE ZEPPELIN KEEPS A SCOUT PLANE HANGERED ON A CATAPULT.
SHE AND I TOOK OFF INTO THE BOWELS OF THE ZEPPELIN. IT WAS LIKE RETURNING TO THE WOMB AS WE JOGGED FOR AN ETERNITY ALONG THE CATWALKS. NEARLY VOID OF ANY LIGHT OR SOUND, IT BECAME LIKE THAT DREAM WHERE YOU RUN AND RUN, AND NEVER GET THERE.
BUT FINALLY AFTER BREATHLESSLY RUNNING THE LENGTH OF NEARLY TWO FOOTBALL FIELDS WE CAME TO THE HATCH.
CAREFUL, REUBEN! ONE SPARK COULD IGNITE THESE GASBAGS.
WE DESCENDED THE LADDER FROM THE ZEPPELIN'S ANAL OPENING. THE WIND SCREAMED AND TORE AT US, TRYING TO RIP US FROM THE DESPARATE LITTLE LADDER.
REUBEN! CAN YOU FLY A PLANE?
I THOUGHT YOU INTENDED TO!
SOMEWHERE BEHIND US IN THE BAG, I COULD HEAR CANVAS SHOES RUNNING THE CATWALKS.
THE PROP BLADES WHIRRED SO LOUDLY I COULDN'T SCREAM AT KELLY AND BE HEARD. I SHOVED HER ROUGHLY DOWN INTO THE COCKPIT AND PUSHED HER HEAD BETWEEN HER KNEES.

I GLANCED UP AT THE HATCH. ONE OF MADAM'S BLOOD-EATING BUDDIES WAS STARTING **DOWN** THE LADDER. BILE ROSE IN MY THROAT. I GAGGED IT BACK AS MY FINGERS GROPED **MADLY** UNDER ME IN THE COCKPIT. MY HAND CLOSED AROUND A WARMLY **FAMILIAR** OBJECT...

...A **FLARE** GUN!

SIMULTANEOUSLY I THUMBED THE HAMMER BACK, REVVED THE PLANE ENGINE AND DEPRESSED THE CATAPULT RELEASE.

THE **WOODEN HEADED** FLARE RIPPED THROUGH THE **MONSTER'S HEART,** LEAVING A VOLCANIC TRACERY AS IT TORE PAST HIS EXPLODING BODY ON TOWARD THE **HELIUM BAGS BEYOND.**

THE CATAPULT LAUNCHED US LIKE A BAT OUT OF... **BAT?** **"BAKKA!"** THE **NAME** OF THE **SHIP! BAKKA** MEANS **BAT!**

THE NIGHT LIT UP LIKE **NOON** AS THE SWOLLEN **BLOOD BAT** OF THE **VAMPIRES** WAS **DECIMATED.** I POINTED THE NOSE TOWARD THE **EAST** AND SQUINTED INTO THE WIND.

THE SCARLET COMBINE. SCARLET, **RED. BLOOD.** COMBINE, ORGANIZATION. **THE BLOOD COMPANY.** A GERMAN BASED OUTFIT THAT KEPT THE WORLD'S **VAMPIRES** SUPPLIED WITH **BLOOD.** THE COMPANY HAD JUST BEEN **DISSOLVED.**

NOT **EVERYTHING** HAD FALLEN INTO PLACE. BUT I KNEW ENOUGH ALREADY TO MAKE MY BLOOD RUN **COLD.** THANKS TO SIMON'S LETTER, I WAS FOREWARNED AND AS PREPARED FOR WHAT HAPPENED AS A DUMB PRIVATE DICK **COULD** BE!

BY DAYLIGHT I SPOTTED THE CLIFFS OF **DOVER.**

I FIGURED I COULD LAND IN ENGLAND AND TRADE THE **PLANE** FOR A **TRAIN TICKET** TO GERMANY! I WANTED TO **SEE** SIMON... TO TELL HIM ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED.

AND I WANTED TO **KISS** THE CLOWN FOR SAVING MY LIFE!

GOLDNUT'S CARNIVAL OF WONDERS! A SEEDY BACKDROP OF MOIST SAWDUST AND MOLDERING STRAW, DISGUISED BEHIND A GARISH FACADE OF GAUDY GREASEPAINT AND SPECTACULAR SHUCK! THE REEKING STENCH OF ILL-KEPT ANIMALS IS WASHED AWAY IN A TORRENT OF COTTON CANDY AND CARAMEL-APPLE SUGARCOATED DECEPTION!

THE RUBES GAWK, BLIND TO THE UTTER HORROR BEFORE THEM... WHILE THE RAUCOUS FAST-PITCH SPIEL OF A STRAW-HATTED BARKER RISES ABOVE THE BABBLE OF CALLIOPE AND MORBID CURIOSITY!

A THIN DIME, LADIEZNGENLMN! ONE THIN DIME IS YOUR PASSPORT INTO A WORLD SO STRANGE AND MYSTIFYING THAT IT WILL BRAND ITSELF UPON YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

STEP RIGHT UP! RIGHT THIS WAY FOR A FASCINATING LOOK AT THE FANTASTIC!

THE FREAKS

GATHERED HERE ARE A PREVIEW OF THE GROTESQUE WONDERS AWAITING WITHIN!

THERE'S DRAMULO THE FLYING-MAN! HE'S MARKED WITH THE VISAGE OF A FEARSOME BAT, WITH HIS LEATHERY WINGS AND HOLLOW BONES, HE CAN GLIDE FROM THE MOST DIZZYING OF HEIGHTS!

THERE'S OSCAR THE THIN MAN GUARANTEED TO BE NOTHING BUT SKIN AND BONES, NOT A BIT OF FAT ANYWHERE ON HIS BODY!

SEE SWEETPEA, THE ASTOUNDING HUMAN SLUG... NATURE'S MOST PHENOMENAL JOKE! HIS HUMAN HEAD IS GRAFTED ONTO THE REPULSIVE BODY OF A BLOATED WORM!

GAPE AT WEE WILLY, THE ROCK MAN! HIS SKIN IS AS SOLID AS GRANITE... HIS ARMS AS STRONG AS STEEL.

FOR THE NOMINAL PITTANCE OF TEN CENTS, WATCH THEM GLIDE, WRITHE, SQUIRM AND GYRATE FOR YOUR VIEWING PLEASURE!

A THIN DIME OF PAIN

STORY: DOUG MOENCH / ART: LEOPOLD SANCHEZ / COLOR: MICHELE BRAND

THE NTR.GUING S.GHTS AND SOUNDS OF THESE AND MANY *OTHER* BIZARRE CREATURES AWAITS YOUR PLEASURE WITHIN THE FAMOUS *GOLDNUT FREAK TENT!*

BUT BEFORE I BEGIN DISPENSING TICKETS.. *YOU* THERE, LAD... YOU LOOK LIKE A STAR PITCHER TRY YOUR HAND AT *DUNKING* THE FREAKS!

YOU *BET* I WILL ...STARTING WITH OLD WEIRD *OSCAR* THERE!

LET'S SEE IF I CAN BURN IT RIGHT *THROUGH* HIM!

OOOOF!

PLOOOSHH!

THE SPIEL HAS BEEN *DELIVERED.* A CARNIVAL-STYLE *TEASE* HAS BEEN *FLASHED,* AND THE CONTAGION OF AUDIENCE-PARTICIPATION HAS BEEN *SOWN.*

THE RUBES HAVE BEEN *HOOKED.* EAGERLY, THEY TRADE THEIR DIMES FOR ADMITTANCE INTO THE TENT OF WONDERS!

DON T WORRY, OSCAR ..A FEW MORE SEASONS OF *SAVING,* AND THE ONLY MEMORY WE LL HAVE OF THIS WILL BE OUR OWN *SWIMMING* HOLE.

COME *OFF* IT, SWEETPEA ...DON'T ACT THE *FOOL* ON TOP OF THE *FREAK.* WE'LL *NEVER* ESCAPE THIS TORMENT!

THE CROWD FILLS THE TENT, FILING DOWN SHABBY, TRANSIENT ROWS OF SEATING PLANKS. *CHEAP,* SEAMY ACCOMODATIONS CONSISTENT WITH THE LURID SHOW WHICH ENSUES WITHOUT PRETENSE OR PREAMBLE ...!

LADIES AN' GENNELMEN, MAY I DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO *WEE* WILLY *THE SUPER-HUMAN ROCK-MAN.*

IT'S CHILD'SPLAY FOR HIM TO *CRUSH* HUGE BOULDERS IN HIS *BARE HANDS.*

A GUY AS *UGLY* AS THAT BETTER HAVE *SOMETHING* GOING FOR HIM!

AND *NOW,* LADIES AN' GENNELMEN TO PROVE BEYOND *DOUBT* THAT THE CARNIVAL OF WONDERS DOES NOT MAKE *FALSE CLAIMS...* I DIRECT YOUR EYES *UPWARD* TO THE ELEVATED *PLATFORM* HIGH ABOVE YOUR HEADS...

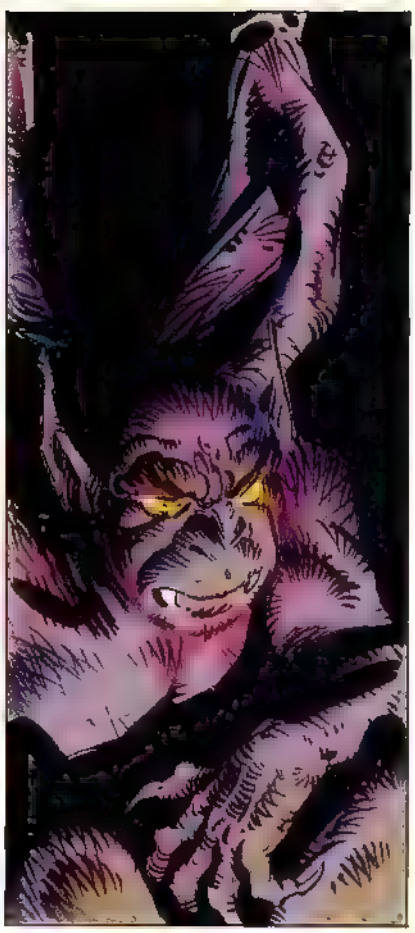
WATCH *THIS,* BAXTER!

...FROM WHICH *DRAMULO THE MANBAT* WILL ENDEAVOR TO *LEAP* AND SAFELY *GLIDE* TO--!

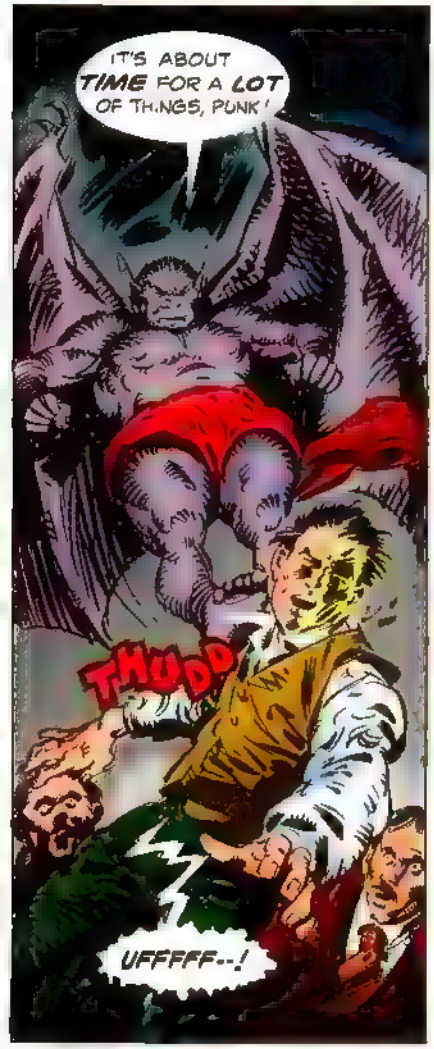
HEY! WIGGLY WORM! HERE'S AN *APPLE* FOR YOU TO BURROW INTO!

SPLSSHT!

HAHAHAHAHA! YOU'RE LUCKY, WIGGLY! MOST WORMS DON'T HAVE HANDS TO WIPE THEIR FACES!



HYAHAHAHA! ABOUT TIME A ROTTEN APPLE GOT EVEN WITH A WORM!

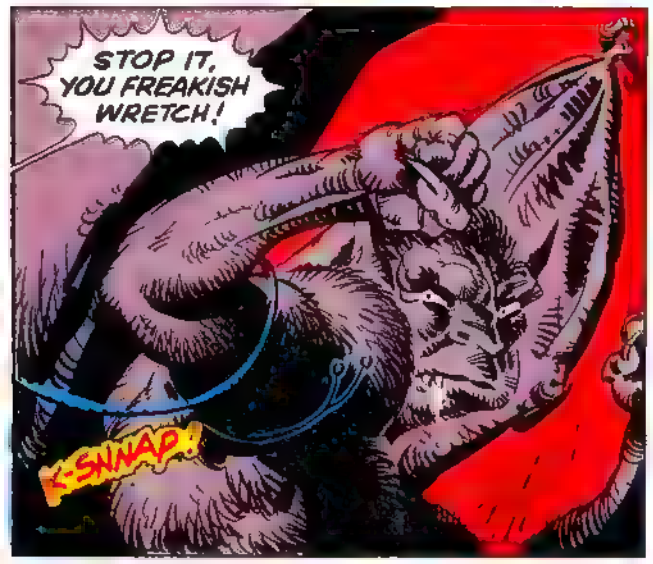

IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR A LOT OF THINGS, PUNK!
THUDD
UFFFFF--!

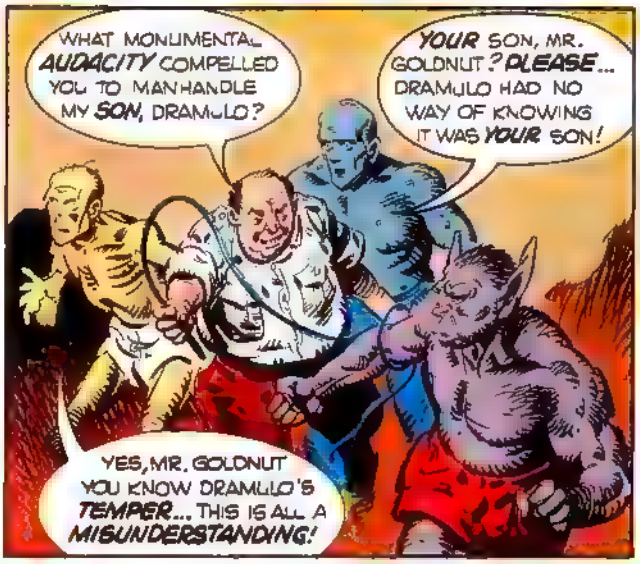
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM YOU DID THAT!
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF SUFFERING YOUR KIND'S SNIDE SNIGGERING, SOMEBODY'S FINALLY BROUGHT IT INTO THE OPEN... WHERE I CAN DEAL WITH IT!
AND BUSTER, THAT SOMEBODY IS YOU! WE'VE TAKEN YOUR TAUNTS, YOUR JIBES, YOUR RIDICULE AND YOUR BELLYLAUGHS UNTIL WE'VE HAD IT... RIGHT UP TO OUR DEFORMED EARS!

BEFORE I WASTE YOU, CREEP... BEFORE I SPLATTER YOU ALL OVER THIS SHABBY TENT... I WANNA TELL YOU SOMETHING! YOU'RE THE FREAKS... YOU AND EVERYONE LIKE YOU! NOT US!
IT'S FREAKS LIKE YOU WHO KEEP US FROM GETTING DECENT JOBS! WHO'S GONNA HIRE US WHEN THE REST OF THE WORKERS'LL BE TOO BUSY GAWKING AND LAUGHING TO WORK?

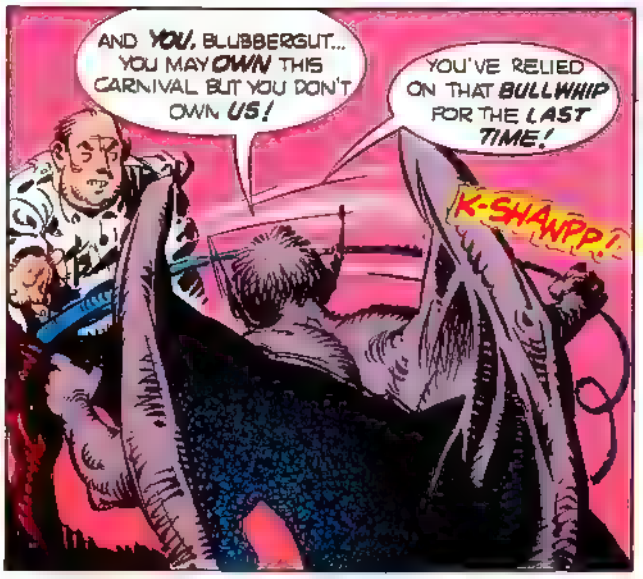
SO WE'RE FORCED TO TAKE JOBS HERE IN A SLEAZY CARNIVAL OF "WONDERS"... WHERE YOU JERKS PAY TO COME AND GAWK AND LAUGH AT US! IT MAKES YOU FEEL BIGGER TO SQUASH US SMALLER THAN WE WERE ALREADY BORN.
IT AIN'T EASY TO HOLD ONTO DIGNITY WHEN YOU'RE TREATED LIKE THAT, SCUMBAG! BUT I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH DIGNITY LEFT TO RAM A BELLYFULL OF IT DOWN YOUR POISONED THROAT!
N-NO... I-I DIDN'T M-M-MEAN--!

STUFF IT, YOU SLIMY PJS-SUCKER! YOU BROUGHT IT ON! NOW YOU CAN JUST TAKE IT WITH YOU... TO HELL!
S-STOP... D-DON'T, GOD, PLEASE!
DRAMULO! LOOK OUT!


STOP IT, YOU FREAKISH WRETCH!
K-SNNAP!


WHAT MONUMENTAL AUDACITY COMPELLED YOU TO MANHANDLE MY SON, DRAMULO?
YOUR SON, MR. GOLDNUT? PLEASE... DRAMULO HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING IT WAS YOUR SON!
YES, MR. GOLDNUT YOU KNOW DRAMULO'S TEMPER... THIS IS ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING!

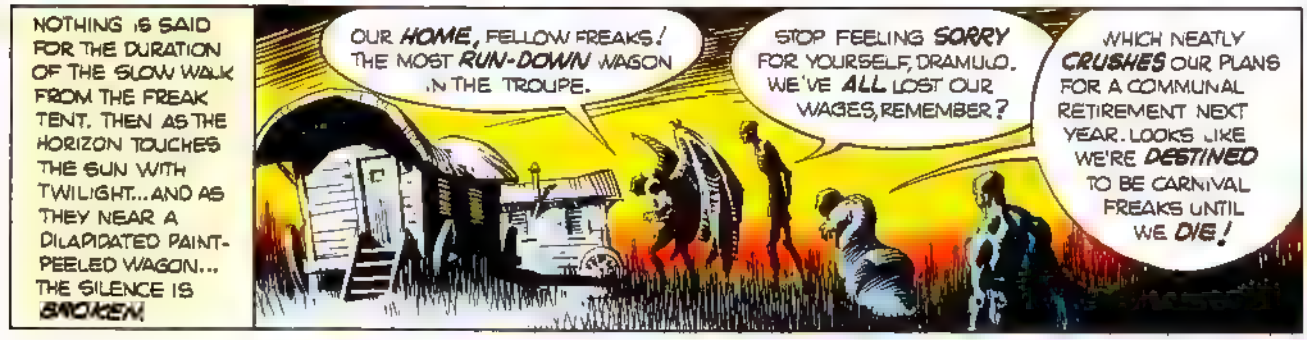
STOP FAWNING TO HIM! IT WAS NO MISUNDERSTANDING AND YOU KNOW IT!
IF THIS WEASELY PUNK IS GOLDNUT'S KID... IT PROVES IT WAS NO MISUNDERSTANDING!


AND YOU, BLUBBERGUT... YOU MAY OWN THIS CARNIVAL BUT YOU DON'T OWN US!
YOU'VE RELIED ON THAT BULLWHIP FOR THE LAST TIME!
K-SHAWPP!

HOLD IT, FREAK! ONE MORE STEP AND I'LL SPILL YOUR GUTS ALL OVER THE SAWDUST!

NOW GET BACK TO YOUR WAGON! BECAUSE OF THIS, I'M CONFISCATING YOUR WAGES FOR SIX MONTHS... ALL OF YOUR WAGES!
REMEMBER THAT THE NEXT TIME YOU FEEL LIKE ASSAULTING DECENT PEOPLE!
YOU DIRTY, STINKING--!
COME TO THE WAGON, DRAMULO. IT'S NOT WORTH FACING A GUN.

YOU SURE SHOWED THOSE FREAKS, DAD.
JUST GOTTA KEEP 'EM IN THEIR PLACE, SON! DON'T EVER FORGET THAT OR YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO HANDLE THEM AGAIN.


NOTHING IS SAID FOR THE DURATION OF THE SLOW WALK FROM THE FREAK TENT. THEN AS THE HORIZON TOUCHES THE SUN WITH TWILIGHT... AND AS THEY NEAR A DILAPIDATED PAINT-PEELED WAGON... THE SILENCE IS BROKEN.
OUR HOME, FELLOW FREAKS! THE MOST RUN-DOWN WAGON IN THE TROUPE.
STOP FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF, DRAMULO. WE'VE ALL LOST OUR WAGES, REMEMBER?
WHICH NEATLY CRUSHES OUR PLANS FOR A COMMUNAL RETIREMENT NEXT YEAR. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE DESTINED TO BE CARNIVAL FREAKS UNTIL WE DIE!

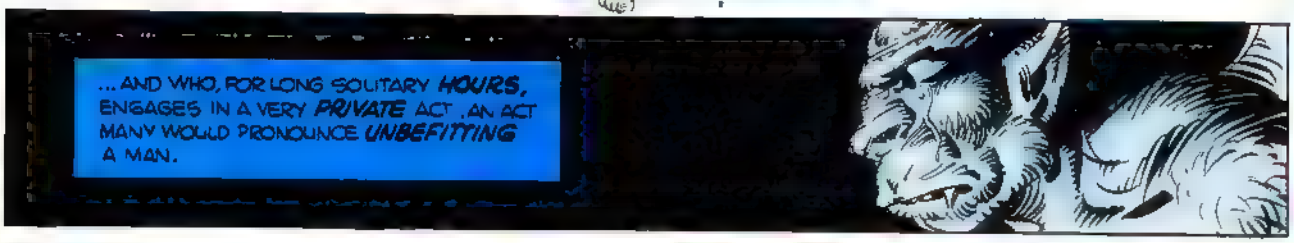
DON'T KID YOURSELF, SWEETPEA. FATSO KNEW WE'VE BEEN POOLING OUR MONEY, AND HE KNOWS WE'LL JUST GET BY FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS ON WHAT WE'VE GOT SAVED.
HE DOESN'T WANT US TO QUIT THE CARNIVAL. THE RUBES COME TO GAWK AT US, NOT AT THE TRAPEZE ARTISTS.

WITHOUT US, HIS MISERABLE LITTLE CARNIVAL WOULD FOLD FASTER THAN A TENT.
AND HOW DOES HE REPAY HIS MAIN DRAWING ATTRACTIONS? HE LUMPS US ALL TOGETHER IN ONE CRAMPED WAGON... FEEDS US SLOP NOT FIT FOR ANIMALS... PAYS US IN PEANUTS ... AND MALIGNS OUR HUMANITY AT EVERY DROP OF A DIME!

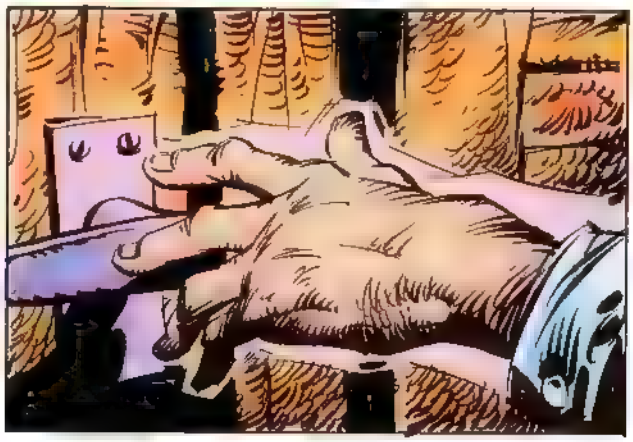
AND ALL BECAUSE HE KNOWS WE CAN'T GO ANYWHERE ELSE UNTIL WE ACCUMULATE ENOUGH MONEY.
WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, DRAMULO... THIS WAGON'S OVERCROWDED... AND SINCE THE BOSS STILL HASN'T HAD THAT EXTRA BED INSTALLED, I GUESS IT'S MY TURN TO SLEEP ON THE FLOOR. AND BELIEVE ME, WHEN YOU'VE GOT AS MANY BONES STICKIN' OUT AS I DO... IT'S NOT EXACTLY COMFORTABLE.

TAKE MY BED TONIGHT, OSCAR! I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR SLEEPING.

INTO THE UNCARING NIGHT, OBSESSED WITH THOUGHTS OF ONLY CARE, STALKS A SAD, TIRED MAN...
...WHO WANTS ONLY TO BE RECOGNIZED AS A MAN...


...AND WHO, FOR LONG SOLITARY HOURS, ENGAGES IN A VERY PRIVATE ACT. AN ACT MANY WOULD PRONOUNCE UNBEFITTING A MAN.

IT IS NOT TOO MUCH LATER WHEN A BLACKENED SILHOUETTE QUIETLY MAKES HIS WAY TOWARDS THE WAGON OF SLEEPING MISFITS.



HE SAID IT WAS THE BED RIGHT BY THE DOOR...

...THIS BED.
CHUK

AND WHEN TEARS HAVE BEEN DRIED BY SIGHING NIGHT BREEZES...

...IT IS TIME TO RETURN HOME.

YOU? IT CAN'T BE! I JUST--!

EEEEEEEEEE!

YOU JUST WHAT, WHELP? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

OSCAR! HE'S BEEN MURDERED! I-I HEARD HIM GROAN A-AND--!

GOLDNUT'S SON HERE, DID IT! HIS KNIFE WAS MEANT FOR ME!

YOU'VE JUST BOUGHT IT, PUNK! YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN A LESSON ABOUT THE FRATERNITY OF FREAKS! WHEN YOU KNIFE ONE OF US, WE ALL FEEL THE BLADE!

HOLD HIM, CARLINA... UNTIL WE DECIDE EXACTLY WHAT TO DO...!

A GRIM COUNCIL IS CONVENED AND AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES A DECISION IS REACHED...

..A DECISION OF VENGEANCE, AND VENGEANCE COMMENSURATE WITH THE CRIME.

THEN IT'S AGREED.

LET'S GO! IT'LL BE DAWN SOON. CARLINA, BRING THE MURDERER.

A STEALTHY PROCESSION OF BIZARRE FIGURES, CLOAKED IN DARKNESS, APPROACH THE CARAVAN TROUPE'S MOST LUXURIOUS WAGON!

YOU'RE THE BEST SEAMSTRESS AMONG US, AREN'T YOU, OLGA?

I'VE ALREADY GOT THE NEEDLES AND THREAD, DRAMUJO!

IS THAT YOU, SON? DID YOU GET THAT DAMNED TROUBLEMAKER?
TURN UP THE LANTERN SO I CAN SEE YOU, SON!
OH...MY... GOD!
THE OBESE CARNIVAL OWNER'S DESPERATE GURGLES OF HORROR ARE STIFLED BY AN INDELICATELY APPLIED GAG...
...AND, SQUIRMING FUTILELY, HE IS CARRIED OUT INTO THE NIGHT...
...WHERE HE SHARES WITH HIS SON THE FRENZIED ONSLAUGHT OF ENRAGED, EAGER FREAKS, ARMED WITH VIVIDLY LETHAL BLADES GLITTERING COLDLY IN THE EERIE MOONLIGHT.
IT IS A FRENZIED ORGY OF BLOOD-SPLASHED HACKING, STABBING, SLICING, SLASHING, CUTTING, CHOPPING AND SAWING...VENGEANCE-VENTED WITH THE ENTHUSIASM OF LIFELONG FRUSTRATION FINALLY QUELLED.
IN THE MORNING, TWO LOATHSOME CORPSES SIT DUMBLY IN CAGES FORMERLY INHABITED BY FREAKS.
THE BODIES ARE REPUGNANT PATCHWORK PARODIES OF FAT FATHER AND THIN SON... DISMEMBERED APPENDAGES SLOPPILY GRAFTED INTO INSANELY MISMATCHED COMPOSITES.
THEY ARE HALF THIS... HALF THAT... AND ALL FREAK!
COME ONE! COME ALL! THE INCREDIBLE COLDNUTS CARNIVAL WO
FINAL SELLOUT PERFORMANCE
ADMISSION: ONLY ONE THIN DIME!
IT'S A BRIGHTER MORNING THAN THEY HAVE LONG SEEN THAT GREETS A CARAVAN OF ROVING FREAKS. ONLY YESTERDAY, THEY WERE LAUGHED AT, MOCKED IN A SIDESHOW OF HORRORS.
BUT TODAY THEY ARE BIRTHED WITH A NEW... HOPEFULLY HAPPIER LIFE! WHILE THOSE WHO ONCE HUMILIATED THEM WAIT SILENTLY FOR THE RUBES TO GATHER.

STORY: BUDD LEWIS / ART: LUIS BERMEJO

IT WAS THE YEAR *1942*. AND THE WHOLE DARNED WORLD HAD MARCHED OFF TO *WAR*.

I'D HEARD THE SPEECHES ABOUT A "*NEEDFUL WAR*" TO "STOP THE SPREAD OF A HIDEOUS *DISEASE*."

I'D LISTEN TO IT *ALL*... AND WATCHED SOLEMNLY AS *BOYS* MARCHED OFF TO BECOME *MEN*!

BUT AFTER SPENDING PART OF MY LIFE AT THE KNEE OF A SPACEMAN NAMED *PIE*, I HAD NO PLACE IN MY HEART FOR *WAR*.

PUT YER JOHN HENRY HERE, BOYS! UNCLE SAM *NEEDS* YA!

THERE WERE THOSE THAT SAID I WAS A *COWARD*... FOR NOT JOININ' UP AND MARCHIN' OFF TO GERMANY TO *KILL* FOLKS.

S-SORRY!

I FIGURED TO LEAVE THE FIGHTIN' TO THE *FIGHTERS*. LIKE *BUCK THACKERY*. BUCK'D GIVE *ANY* FELLA A LICKIN' AT THE DROP OF A HAT!

S'MATTER, HARRIS? *YELLA*?

AND BUCK WAS *ALWAYS* OBLIGIN' TO DROP THE HAT HIMSELF!

MAYBE HE'S *BLUE* LIKE THAT *NAZI GIANT* THEY USED TO HAVE!

I WATCHED BUCK *MARCH OFF* TO FIGHT THE JAPS ON GUADALCANAL.

I WAS THERE, TOO, WHEN... THEY BROUGHT HIM HOME IN A BOX WITH A *FLAG* OVER IT.

BUT EVEN AS THEY WERE *BURYING* BUCK, I WAS OFF TO BEARBRIDGE *UNIVERSITY*. TO GET MYSELF SOME *LEARNIN'*.

PIE ONCE TOLD ME THERE WAS SO *MUCH* TO LEARN THAT I SHOULD NEVER WASTE TIME *NOT* LEARNIN' IT!

IF I WAS TO EVER GET TO THAT DISTANT STAR... TO TELL 'EM PIE WASN'T COMIN' HOME ... I HAD TO GET *CRACKIN'*!

I ENROLLED MYSELF IN COLLEGE, AND DROVE TO CLASS EVERY DAY.

A LOT OF TIMES I'D COME HOME FROM SCHOOL *LATE*. TWILIGHT'D BE COMIN' ON.

I'D SEE DAD JUST SITTIN' ON THE FENCE GATE. SMOKING. GAZING AT THE STARS AS THEY SHYLY CAME *OUT*!

WE NEVER HAD TO *SAY* ANYTHING. I KNEW HE WAS THINKIN' ABOUT *PIE*. DAD NEVER GOT OVER *MISSING* HIS OLD FRIEND.

I'D PASS THROUGH TOWN OFTEN ON MY WAY TO SCHOOL. THEY'D *LOOK* AT ME. *CUSS* ME. NEVER FORGETTING THE *YEARS* IT TOOK TO *REBUILD* THEIR TOWN THE NIGHT PIE *TORE* IT *DOWN*. SEEMS THEY *FORGOT* THEY'D *STARTED* THE FEUD THAT *KILLED* MY FRIEND.*

* EERIE #60, "DADDY AND THE PIE."

ONE DAY OLD MAN *THACKERY* SPIED ME COMING THROUGH TOWN. HE STOPPED MY TRUCK... YELLED, CUSSED, SHOUTED THAT I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS BOY, *BUCK'S*, DEATH.

I *UNDERSTOOD* HIS PAIN, BUT COULD DO NOTHING BUT DRIVE OFF.

I DIDN'T TELL *DAD* ABOUT THE INCIDENT. I DIDN'T WANT TO GET HIM STIRRED UP. WHEN I TOLD MAMA, SHE HELD MY HAND, AND TURNED HER HEAD SO'S I WOULDN'T SEE HER *TEARS*.

MA SAID SHE WAS *SORRY* PIE'D EVER COME HERE. SHE SAID IT WAS ALL SETTLIN' ON *MY* SHOULDERS. SHE SAID THERE'D BE MORE *BLOOD* OF IT YET!

I WENT TO MY ROOM TO *THINK*.

I DID SOME SEARCHING, TOO, AND THERE IT *WAS*. I'D ALMOST *FORGOTTEN* IT.

PIE'S GADGET. HE'D GIVEN IT TO ME... AND I'D KEPT IT *HIDDEN* ALL THESE *YEARS*.

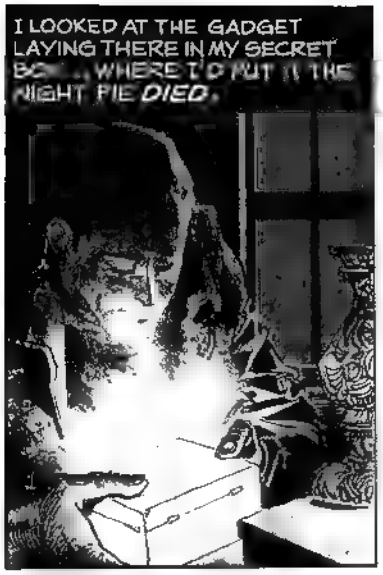
THAT WONDERFUL, MYSTICAL, TRULY MARVELOUS *GADGET*.

PIE TOLD ME IT COULD DO NEARLY *ANYTHING*. AMPLIFY THOUGHTS... MAKE THEM *REALITY*! IT COULD HEAL MINOR WOUNDS, OR CREATE THINGS FROM *THIN AIR*.

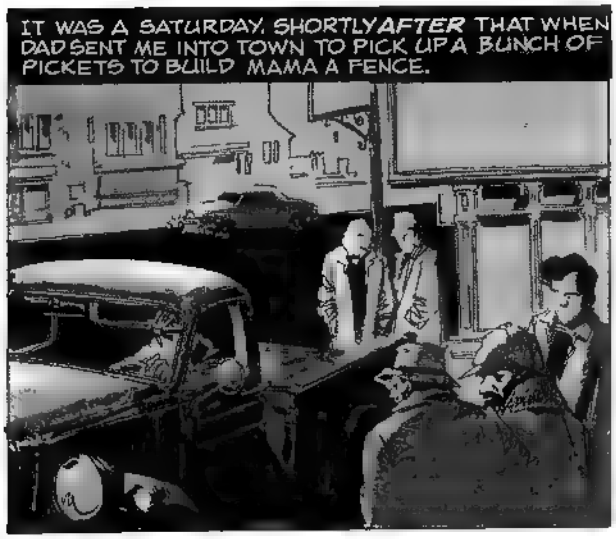
ONCE, PIE USED IT TO *CHOP* AND *STACK* TWO WHOLE CORDS OF WOOD. IT TOOK ABOUT *THIRTY SECONDS*.

PIE EVEN LET *ME* USE IT, TOO. 'COURSE I COULDN'T USE IT *CORRECTLY*. BUT PIE ALWAYS INTENDED TO *TEACH* ME... ONCE I FILLED MY HEART WITH THOUGHTS OF *LOVE*.

BDROOM!


I LOOKED AT THE GADGET LAYING THERE IN MY SECRET BOX... WHERE I'D PUT IT THE NIGHT PIE DIED.

SOMEHOW... JUST THE SIGHT OF IT BROUGHT ME CLOSER TO PIE... EVEN THOUGH HE WAS LONG DEAD AND GONE.


IT WAS A SATURDAY, SHORTLY AFTER THAT WHEN DAD SENT ME INTO TOWN TO PICK UP A BUNCH OF PICKETS TO BUILD MAMA A FENCE.

THEY WERE ALL THERE. THE USUAL CREW, STILL SICK WITH HATRED FOR THE HARRIS FAMILY. I IGNORED THEM.
SAY, SLIME ...WHERE'S YOUR BIG BLUE SPACEMAN?

I HADN'T FINISHED LOADING THE TRUCK WHEN IT STARTED.
I'M TALKIN' TO YOU, YOU SORRY TURD!
AIN'T YOU MAN ENOUGH TO FIGHT, NAZI LOVER?

I TRIED TO KEEP MY HEAD, BUT THEY WENT WILD ON ME.
ANSWER US, COWARD!
GET HIM!
SHOW HIM WE DON'T WANT TRASH IN OUR TOWN!

I COULDN'T EVEN BEGIN TO FIGHT BACK. THEY STARTED BY JUST LICKIN' ME WITH THEIR FISTS.

THEY BEAT ME. STOMPED ME. LIKE I WAS A MAD DOG.
I KEPT HEARING THAT NEW-YE SHATTERING CRUNCH AS RIB BONES BUSTED, FINGERS SNAPPED, MY NOSE SMASHED.
THEY TURNED THE TRUCK OVER AND SET IT AFIRE. I THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER STOP KICKING MY GUTS OUT.
IT WAS DEEP INTO THE NIGHT BEFORE I CRAWLED UP THE FRONT PORCH.
OH GOD, WHY IS THIS HAPPENING? WHY? WHY?
THEY DID IT TO HIM! THEY DID IT AGAIN!
SOMEHOW I GOT UP AND RAN... HALF CRAZY WITH HURTING... AND BLINDED BY MY OWN BLOOD.
NO, DICK! DON'T GO!
DAD NEVER SAID NOTHIN'. HE JUST LOADED THE WINCHESTER AND RAN INTO THE DARKNESS.

I WAS A *MESS*. I COULDN'T *WALK*. BUT I HAD TO *GO*. HAD TO HELP DAD.

WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY MORE *GUNS* IN THE HOUSE. BUT I WENT AND FOUND... *PIE'S GADGET*.

I PUT IT AROUND MY NECK AND *VISIONS* OF A DREADFUL NIGHT IN *'34* HAUNTED ME. IT WAS HAPPENING *AGAIN*. ONLY *THIS* TIME IT WASN'T *PIE* GOING INTO STILL-WATER TO HELP DAD. IT WAS *ME*.

RICHARD! COME *BACK*! RICHARD! *PLEASE*?

AND I WAS ALL ALONE

LONG BEFORE I GOT TO TOWN I HEARD THE *GUNSHOTS*. IT SOUNDED LIKE A *WAR*.

GOTTA *RUN*! *HURRY*! DAD *NEEDS* ME!

PTING! *BDAM*! *BLAM*! *K-CHOW*! *PTOW*!

DAD WAS DOING A LOT OF *GETTING EVEN* WITH THE TOWNS PEOPLE.

HE HAD A *LOT* TO GET EVEN *FOR*. THEY'D BEAT HIM NEAR TO *DEATH* ONCE, *KILLED* HIS BEST FRIEND, PIE... AND NOW THEY'D TRIED TO STOMP HIS *SON* INTO THE *NEXT WORLD*.

DAD? WHERE *ARE* YOU? *DAD*?!

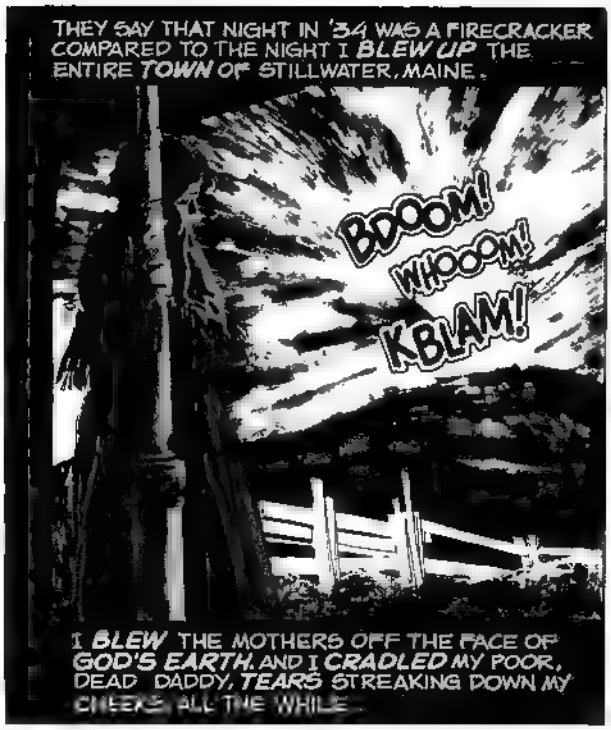
BY THE TIME I *GOT* THERE, IT WAS *OVER*. DAD WAS SITTING BOLT UPRIGHT ON HIS BURNED OUT TRUCK. THERE WERE *BULLET HOLES* IN DURNED NEAR EVERY BUILDING IN TOWN. THERE WAS A BULLET HOLE TOO, JUST BELOW DADDY'S *RIGHT EYE*.

DAD? DADDY? OH, *DADDY*...!

DADDY... I'M *SORRY*... SO *SORRY*. IF ONLY *PIE* HAD BEEN HERE...!

THE BULLET HAD GONE *IN* THERE. WHERE IT COME OUT THE *BACK* OF HIS HEAD... THERE WASN'T *NO* BACK OF HIS HEAD. DADDY WAS *GONE*.

YOU SLIME! YOU COWARDLY SCUM!
I WENT WILD. I TOUCHED PIES GADGET AND FELT POWER SURGE INTO ME.


THEY SAY THAT NIGHT IN '34 WAS A FIRECRACKER COMPARED TO THE NIGHT I BLEW UP THE ENTIRE TOWN OF STILLWATER, MAINE.
BDOOM!
WHOOOM!
KBLAM!
I BLEW THE MOTHERS OFF THE FACE OF GOD'S EARTH, AND I CRADLED MY POOR, DEAD DADDY, TEARS STREAKING DOWN MY CHEEKS ALL THE WHILE.

FIRST YOUR STINKIN' TOWN, BY GOD! NOW YOU... ALL OF YOU WILL BE DESTROYED!
THEY HUDDLED TOGETHER, SCARED... HELPLESS, WAITING TO GO TO GLORY FOR WHAT THEY'D DONE...

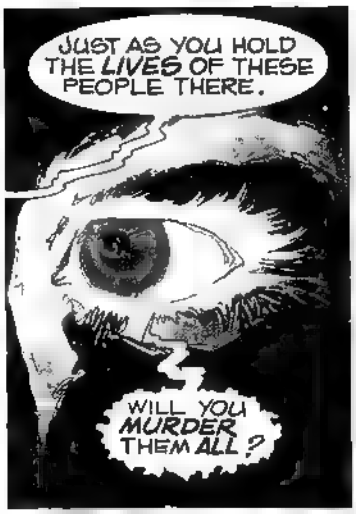
...WHEN SUDDENLY, THE GADGET SAVED THEM!
RICHARD? WILL YOU KILL THEM ALL?

DO NOT BE SHOCKED, NOR AFRAID. YOU REMEMBER ME, RICHARD. YOU CALLED ME PIE!

P-PIE? IS IT REALLY YOU, PIE? OH, GOD!

I AM HERE. WITHIN THE CRYSTAL. I WILL BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

THE ESSENCE OF WHAT I WAS, ENTERED THE CRYSTAL WHEN I ..DIED.
YOU HOLD THE POWERS OF THE CRYSTAL WITHIN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND.


JUST AS YOU HOLD THE LIVES OF THESE PEOPLE THERE.
WILL YOU MURDER THEM ALL?

T-THEY KILLED MY FATHER!
YES! THEY KILLED ME ALSO. BUT, IF THEY HAD NOT...

"...WOULD YOU STILL REQUIRE THEIR DEATHS IN VENGEANCE"?
"NO, NO... NO, BUT--"!
"YOU MUST FORGIVE THEM, RICHARD"!
"LEAVE THEM TO THE MERCY OF GOD... AND TRUST IN HIS WISDOM!"

I TOOK DADDY HOME THAT NIGHT, LAID HIM BENEATH AN OAK TREE... WHERE HE COULD REST FOREVER, GAZE UP AT THE STARS... AND SOMEHOW BE A LITTLE CLOSER TO HEAVEN... AND PIE.
MOM CRIED AND MOURNED... FOR DAYS AFTER THAT. BUT WHEN THE CRYING WAS DONE, SHE SIMPLY LOOKED AT ME... AND SAID I HAD DONE RIGHT. I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT. THOUGHT ABOUT FINDIN' PIE... THOUGHT ABOUT LOSING DAD.
IT WAS A NIGHT THAT HAD MADE ME A MAN. WHY THEN COULDN'T I STOP MY OWN TEARS?!

DYNAMIC COMIC ADVENTURE MODEL SERIES
SUPERHERO HOBBY KITS!

Transform your room into a dynamic world of fantasy and adventure. People your shelves with superheroes. These 8" to 12" tall figures are molded from heavy duty "super" plastic. All kits come with complete instructions for assembly and an 8-page original comic plus a detailed background diorama. Glue the figure together, paint it, place it in front of its background and you will have a realistic 3-D display. Build all the kits. Make your room headquarters for the Superhero Legions! Order your exciting superhero hobby kit now!

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Superman, the man of steel! His youthful counterpart, Superboy! Batman, the nocturnal avenger! The Lone Ranger, riding again with his faithful Indian companion, Tonto! The awesome Hulk! The web-slinging Spiderman! And Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle. First there were eight of these great hobby kits! Now there are ten! Announcing the arrival of two exciting new kits. Captain America, the most Super hero of them all! And Batman's Boy Wonder, Robin! They're new, they're exciting. And they can be yours!

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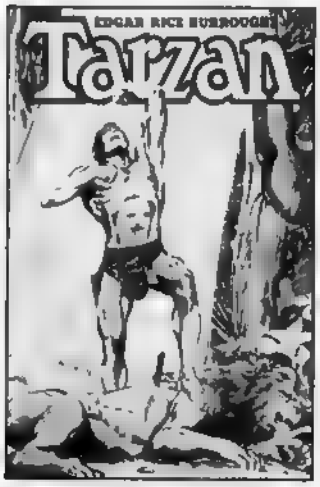
THE HULK #2474/$2.70



TARZAN #2473/$2.70

TONTO #2475/$2 70

THE LONE RANGER #2480/$3.60

ORDER ALL TEN & OWN A SUPERHERO ARMY!

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

TALES of PETER HYPNOS

JUST LIKE *EVERY* MORNING... OFF TO SCHOOL. THE *SAME* SCHOOL. THE *SAME* TEACHER. THE *SAME* CLASSMATES.

THAT'S WHAT YOUNG *PETER HYPNOS* WAS THINKING WHEN A STRANGE AND SEDUCTIVE *MELODY* ENTICED HIM AWAY FROM HIS USUAL ROUTE TO SCHOOL.

A MELODY THAT *LURED* HIM... *ENCHANTED* HIM... RIGHT INTO THAT STRANGE MIST UNDER THE OLD *DRAWBRIDGE*.

The INCREDIBLE PEOPLE-MAKING MACHINES

STORY and ART: JOSE BEA

PETER RAN... OBLIVIOUS TO THE WORLD... EXCITED BY WHAT WAS QUICKLY BECOMING A MYSTERY-DRENCHED ADVENTURE FOR HIM.
HE RAN UNTIL A VERY STRANGE MAN LEAPT INTO HIS PATH... AND THEN PETER SAW THAT THE WORLD JUST WAS NOT QUITE RIGHT. YET PETER WASN'T AFRAID.
HE JUST THOUGHT THAT PEOPLE ABOUT HIM LOOKED ODD.
PETER HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN A MAN WITH A HORSES HEAD... A REAL HORSES HEAD... NOT LIKE HIS MATHEMATICS TEACHER, WHO JUST RESEMBLED ONE...
THERE WAS A MAN WITH THREE FACES AND SEVEN HANDS TOO. AND HE WAS HANDLING SOME BALLS SUPERBLY!
PETER WENT ON HIS WAY THROUGH THIS ODD WORLD. THE MYSTERIOUS MUSIC HAD STOPPED, YET PETER WAS DETERMINED TO FIND ITS SOURCE.
HE WALKED OVER STRANGE MEADOWS... HIKED UP PURPLE MOUNTAINS, AND DESCENDED TOWERING WALLS THAT APPEARED FROM NOWHERE AND LED TO NOTHING.

AND THEN HE CAME UPON A GREAT ***MULTITUDE*** OF PEOPLE, WHO GREETED HIM VERY POLITELY.

HE THOUGHT HE ***RECOGNIZED*** ONE OF THE BOYS IN THE CROWD...!

HEY, AREN'T YOU ***WILLY WHAMBANGER?*** WHAT ARE YOU DOING ***HERE?***

I'M HAVING ***FUN.*** THIS IS MUCH BETTER THAN ***SCHOOL,*** ISN'T IT?

EVERYBODY HERE'S SO ***NICE!*** AND YOU CAN DO EXACTLY WHAT YOU ***LIKE!***

HOW DID YOU GET SUCH A ***BIG HEAD,*** WILLY?

DO YOU ***LIKE*** IT? IT'S ***BEAUTIFUL*** ISN'T IT?

COME! I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY'RE ***MADE!*** AND IT DOESN'T ***COST*** A THING. IT'S ALL ***FREE!***

THE MUSIC THAT LURED PETER HAD BEGUN ***AGAIN.*** AND IT WAS COMING FROM AN ENORMOUS ***FACTORY.***

HERE IT IS! ***THE RIDICULOUS PEOPLE-MAKING FACTORY.*** AND ISN'T THAT MUSIC ***FABULOUS?***

THIS IS ***GREAT!*** A PLANT THAT PRODUCES ***MUSIC*** INSTEAD OF ***SMOKE!***

THIS IS THE ROOM WHERE THEY MAKE GIANTS. LET'S GO IN!

HA! HA! LOOK HOW BIG I AM NOW! AND JUST WATCH ME DANCE!
YYYY! I'M FALLING!

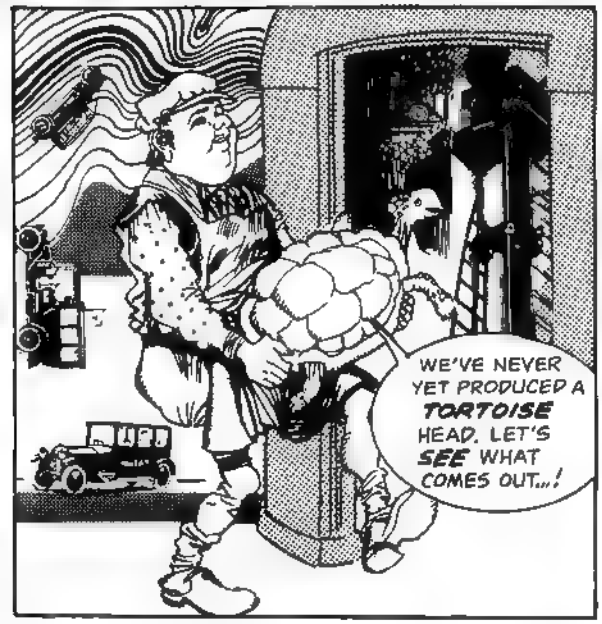
A FUNNY LITTLE MAN WITH A WRINKLED FACE WAS CHAINED BY HIS HANDS TO THE CEILING. HIS FEET WERE IN STRANGE, PLUNGER-LIKE OBJECTS...!

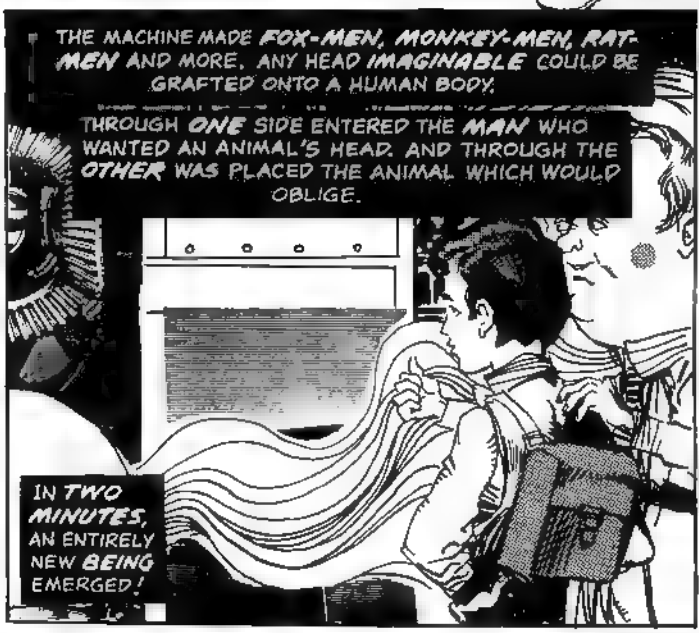
SUDDENLY, THE PLUNGERS SHOT DOWNWARDS, DRAGGING THE POOR MAN'S FEET WITH THEM... AND STRETCHING HIS LEGS BY A FULL TWO YARDS!

HA! HA! HA! ISN'T HE BEAUTIFUL? JUST LIKE A GIANT FROGHOPPER.
WHAT FUN! AND IT'S FREE! MARVELLOUS, ISN'T IT, PETER?

THERE'S ANOTHER NEAT ROOM DOWN HERE A WAYS! THEY MAKE PEOPLE WITH ANIMAL HEADS!

IT'S GETTING MORE AND MORE DIFFICULT TO FIND CROCODILES FROM THE NILE. WE HAVE TO WORK WITH ALLIGATORS FROM THE MISSISSIPPI.
BUT IT'S NOT THE SAME! NO SIR! IT'S NOT THE SAME!

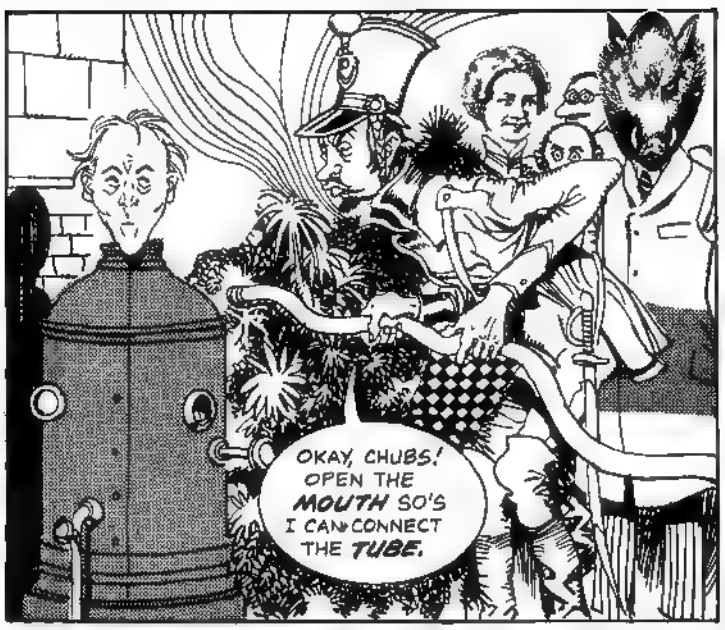

WE'VE NEVER YET PRODUCED A TORTOISE HEAD. LET'S SEE WHAT COMES OUT...!

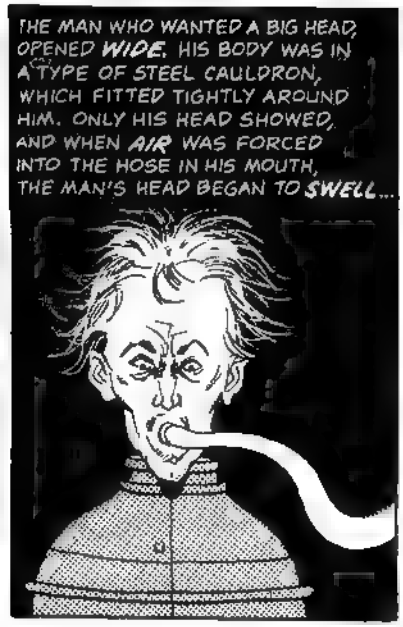

THE MACHINE MADE FOX-MEN, MONKEY-MEN, RAT-MEN AND MORE. ANY HEAD IMAGINABLE COULD BE GRAFTED ONTO A HUMAN BODY.
THROUGH ONE SIDE ENTERED THE MAN WHO WANTED AN ANIMAL'S HEAD. AND THROUGH THE OTHER WAS PLACED THE ANIMAL WHICH WOULD OBLIGE.
IN TWO MINUTES, AN ENTIRELY NEW BEING EMERGED!

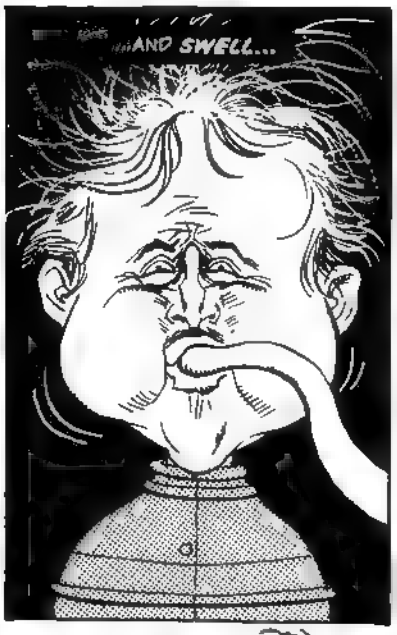
PETER WAS TAKEN ABACK AT THE PEOPLE THEY MADE IN THE FACTORY.
HE COULDN'T WAIT TO TELL HIS SCIENCE TEACHER!

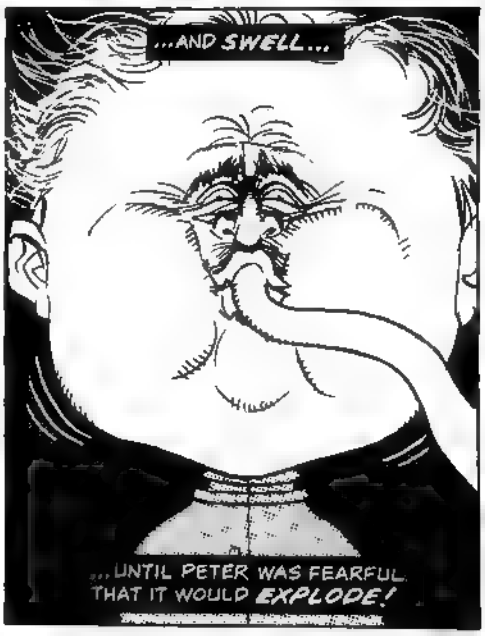
WELL, BOY, WHAT HAVE YOU DECIDED? WHICH ANIMAL WOULD YOU LIKE?
SNAP IT UP, SON...CAN'T HAVE YOU DALLYING ALL DAY. DECIDE!

HOW ABOUT OVER HERE, PETER? THIS MACHINE IS FOR MAKING LARGE HEADS. IT'S WHERE I HAD MINE MADE!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW ANYONE COULD WANT A HEAD SO LARGE!
AND WATCH HOW EASY IT'S DONE...! IT'S SO AMUSING!


OKAY, CHUBS! OPEN THE MOUTH SO'S I CAN CONNECT THE TUBE.


THE MAN WHO WANTED A BIG HEAD, OPENED WIDE. HIS BODY WAS IN A TYPE OF STEEL CAULDRON, WHICH FITTED TIGHTLY AROUND HIM. ONLY HIS HEAD SHOWED, AND WHEN AIR WAS FORCED INTO THE HOSE IN HIS MOUTH, THE MAN'S HEAD BEGAN TO SWELL...


...AND SWELL...


...AND SWELL...
...UNTIL PETER WAS FEARFUL THAT IT WOULD EXPLODE!

SEE WHAT A BEAUTIFUL HEAD HE'S GOT NOW? WOULDN'T YOU LIKE ONE EXACTLY THE SAME?

NO! NO! I DON'T WANT ANY PART IN WHAT I'VE SEEN.
WHAT? YOU DON'T WANT TO BE MODIFIED? THEN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHEN ANYONE COMES HERE, IT'S BECAUSE HE WANTS TO LEAVE WITH LONG LEGS, A MAMMOTH SKULL OR AN ANIMAL'S HEAD!
CHOOSE WHICHEVER YOU LIKE! BUT CHOOSE SOMETHING!
OH NO! THE BOY DOESN'T WANT TO CHOOSE! SO WE'LL CHOOSE FOR HIM!
NO! NO! LEAVE ME BE!
HE'S RUNNING! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
DON'T RUN! PETER! IT'S ALL FREE! YOU WON'T HAVE TO PAY, AND IT DOESN'T HURT A BIT!
SORRY, WILLY! BUT I'D RATHER STAY AS I AM... EVEN IF IT DOES MAKE ME MORE COMMON!

THE HORDE OF STRANGE CREATURES *THREW* THEMSELVES AFTER PETER. BUT BOY RACED *AHEAD* OF THEM... TO THE FACTORY *ROOF...!*

LOOK OUT! HE'S GOING TO *JUMP! STOP HIM!*

I'D RATHER *BREAK* MY HEAD THAN HAVE ONE THAT BELONGS IN A *CARNIVAL!*

NO! *NO!* DON'T DO IT! YOU'LL BE *KILLED!*

YET, AS HE FELL, A STRANGE *CLOTH-LIKE* OBJECT BEGAN TO EMERGE FROM PETER'S *JACKET...* AND AN ENORMOUS *PARACHUTE* OPENED GENTLY *BEHIND* HIM.

I CERTAINLY HOPE TO NEVER COME *HERE* AGAIN.

THIS IS INDEED A *STRANGE* PLACE. ONE NEVER KNOWS *WHAT* TO EXPECT.

IT TOOK PETER *HOURS* TO FIND HIS WAY HOME. BUT WHEN AT LAST HE ARRIVED, HIS MOTHER WAS ABOUT HER EVENING CHORES AS IF HER SON HAD *NEVER* BEEN *MISSED.*

MOTHER! MOTHER! AN AMAZING THING HAPPENED TO ME TODAY. I WAS IN A *FACTORY* WHERE THEY PRODUCE *CARNIVAL* PEOPLE!

THEY WERE MAKING *GIANTS* AND--!

PETER, YOU REALLY *MUST* STOP YOUR *FANTASIZING!* YOU'RE GETTING TO BE TOO BIG A BOY TO BE HAVING *DAY-DREAMS!*

NOW GET READY FOR DINNER, SON, AND YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT WHAT YOU LEARNED IN *SCHOOL* TODAY.

THUS, IT WAS WITH *PETER HYPNOS. MANY* HEARD HIS TALE ABOUT THE INCREDIBLE *PEOPLE-FACTORY,* BUT *NO ONE* EVER BELIEVED A *WORD* OF IT!

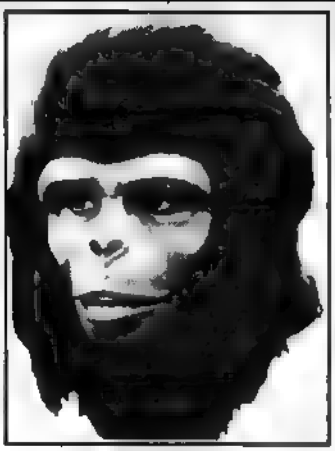
PLANET OF THE APES HOLLYWOOD MASKS

DR. ZAIUS

Dr. Zaius is a statesman and a philosopher. This intelligent orangutan was peaceful and non-violent by nature. He is convinced by the evil General Ursus that, for the peace of the Ape's world, humanity must be destroyed. This Zaius mask sports the worried, contemplative expression of a scientist ape with the fate of the world resting on his simian shoulders. It features the rust colored fur characteristic of the orangutan population. Order #2571/$44.95

GENERAL ALDO

General Aldo is the war-like gorilla-general who plans to overthrow Caesar and wipe out all humanity on the planet's surface. Aldo's mask, grim, seamed features molded into a permanently grim, military scowl, is surrounded by tufts of jet black gorilla fur. It's a frightening addition to any ape wardrobe. With minimal changes, you can convert this mask to the cruel face of General Ursus. Be a real villain. Wear the General Aldo mask. #2572/$44.95



CORNELIUS

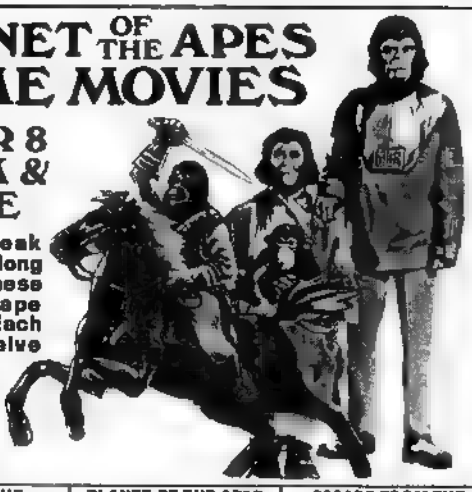
Cornelius is the hero ape of PLANET OF THE APES. He is intelligent and inquisitive. He befriends the astronauts from today's earth, escapes the end of the Ape world and fathers the deliverer Ape, Caesar. Be Cornelius' alter-ego. The Cornelius head is beautifully molded and is instantly recognizable. Its handsome Chimpanzee colored fur frames the sensitive hero's features. Sensational for making Ape movies. A party must! Get #2570/$44.95

Deluxe. Made in Hollywood. And worth every penny they cost. These are actual photos of the ape masks we are offering for sale. The three beautiful, high quality vinyl, full over-the-head masks are realistic reproductions of the movie ape-faces. All of them have realistic hair framing the expressive features. All are realistically colored to resemble the professional appliances used in the PLANET OF THE APES films. Quality masks like these 3 are seldom offered for sale to the public. This may be your only chance to order them. Film your own PLANET OF THE APES sequels. Be the hit of a party. Put on a business suit and an ape head . . . a la Cornelius!

PLANET OF THE APES HOME MOVIES

SUPER 8 BLACK & WHITE

No ape freak should be long without these exciting ape movies. Each runs twelve full minutes. Order today and own all of the great apes films.



BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES

More astronauts land. They are befriended by Cornelius and his girlfriend, Zira. They journey to the Forbidden City and discover a race of horrifying mutants inhabiting the lower regions of the atom-blasted city. Apes, humans and mutants clash in a fierce battle for atomic warheads. #22054/$9.95

PLANET OF THE APES CHARLTON HESTON

Astronaut Charlton Heston crashes on an unknown planet populated by mute, animal-like humans and a master race of weapons-wielding apes. Heston is captured, escapes and heads for the Forbidden City where he discovers, among other artifacts, the Statue of Liberty. Exciting adventure. #22053/$9.95

ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES

Cornelius and Zira find a working spaceship, escape atomic destruction of the Ape world, journey through the same time warp that stranded the humans. They land on Earth 1973. Police are hostile. Governments attack them. And destroy them. The battle aboard a freighter is a spectacular thriller! #22055/$9.95

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

After the destruction of Cornelius and Zira, their young son, Caesar, remains. He is raised and taught by a kindly circus owner who realizes his origin. True to his warrior's name, he leads an insurrection against the ape-slaves' human owners. Los Angeles is destroyed in the raging battle. #22056/$9.95

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES

Caesar has become a peaceful and benevolent leader. His curiosity prompts him to explore the Forbidden City in search of tape-recordings of his parents. He is discovered by mutants who follow him, determined to destroy the village of the Apes. Aldo determines to overthrow Caesar. #22057/$9.95

PLANET OF THE APES

Giant Poster-Puzzle

9 SQ. FEET

DR. ZAIUS

It's a puzzle! It's a poster! It's a collector's item no ape freak will want to miss. This full-color portrait-puzzle of the scientist ape, Dr. Zaius, is 44" x30". That's over 9 square feet. This deluxe heavy-duty cardboard puzzle-kit comes complete with wall mounting materials. Change your puzzle to a poster. It's easy. It's fun. Just follow the simple instructions. Construct an ape on your floor. Hang an ape on your wall. 24 large easy to handle pieces make it a snap. Get a Dr. Zaius puzzle today. Go ape. #2693/$4.50

GALEN

Giant, full-color and spectacular! This spiffy 44"x30" portrait-puzzle is more fun to construct than a barrel of monkeys. The gigantic puzzle with twenty-four mammoth pieces is easily put together to make a huge portrait of television's hero-ape, Galen. And this is where your fun begins. The puzzle comes complete with deluxe mounting strips. Just follow the simple instructions and within minutes you'll own a heavy-duty 9-square-foot poster. Mount it on your wall. Don't miss this Galen puzzle giant! #2694/$4.50

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SUPER HERO HARD COVER BOOKS

COLOR! PRESTIGE COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS

Now you can own superb hardcover collections of fine work that is among the most unique in comics history. From the Golden Age of comics the stories in these volumes come, starring the greatest heroes of all-time.

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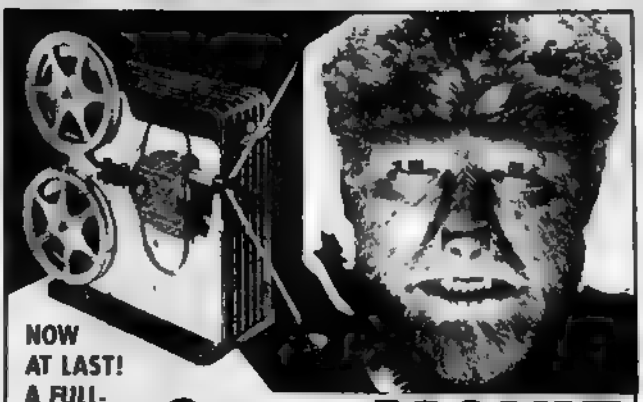
WONDER WOMAN. A beautiful edition featuring her greatest exploits. Book is a large 8-1/2" by 11-1/2" Full color, with commentary by Gloria Steinem on Amazon gal #21018/ $12.95



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SUPER ADVENTURE RECORD ALBUMS

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THE INVISIBLE MAN, by HG Wells. A fanatical scientist makes himself invisible, and thereafter goes slowly insane. But how does one deal with a criminal who cannot be seen? #2359/$2.49

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APE & STALLION KITS

Amass an army of soldier apes and stallions! Build a battalion of mounted gorilla warriors or build just one! Create your cavalry ape from the snap together plastic pieces of this fantastic hobby kit. No cement is needed! Simply assemble the soldier, and equip him with his rifle and sword. Snap together the molded pieces of his galloping steed, complete with saddle, reins and stirrups. Display your horse and rider on the handy stand provided. The paint is not included, but model can be painted for even more realism! #24155/$4.49

PRINCE VALIANT POSTER

Prince Valiant is one of the best loved and longest lived of comic strip heroes. The famous Hal Foster creation has appeared in comics throughout the world since its creation in 1937. It has been reproduced in books, viewed as movies. And now, it appears in this new, exciting form! Here it is! A giant 28"x19" full-color Prince Valiant poster by Gray Morrow, featuring Valiant, Aleta and a host of other familiar and well loved heroes and heroines of the comic strip. Gawain, magician Merlin, King Arthur and Boltar, the Viking pirate appear in a varied montage of scenes including a joust, a Viking pirate attack and a conjuring! #2973/$3.00

JACK OLECK DUO FRIGHT PAPERBACKS

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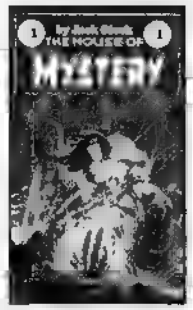
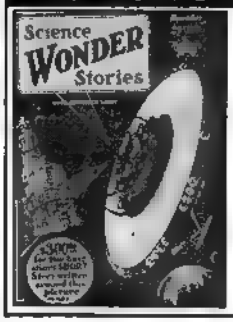


JACK OLECK'S THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY #2. Another 158 page [illegible] paperback horrors. Eight terrifying ghost tales, ghoul tales, tales of vampires, witches, werewolves in a 4-1 4"x7" format. More great Berni Wrightson illustrations [illegible]

NOSTALGIA BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION ART



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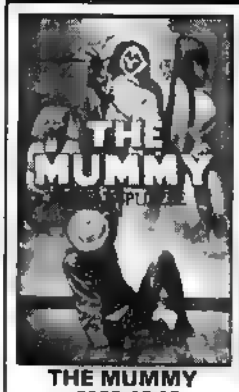

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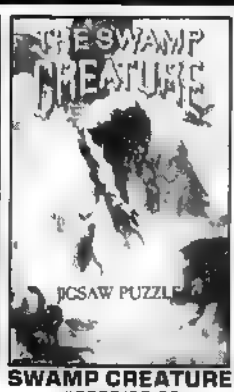

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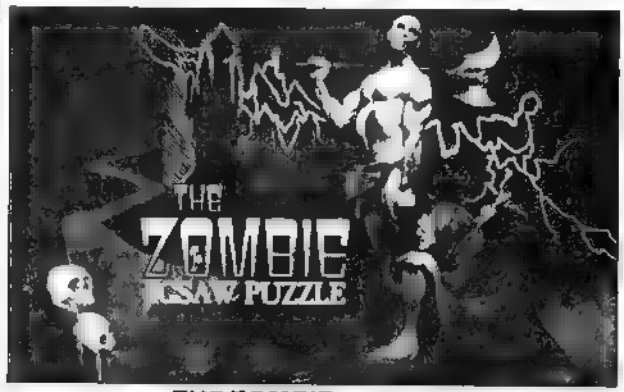

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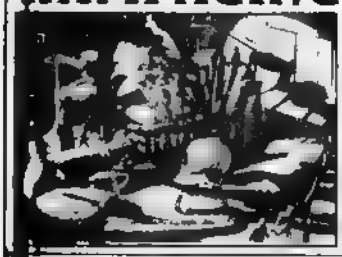
This isn't just another plastic hobby kit! It's an incredibly realistic series of devastating destruction that you can put together in diarama form. Full color, easy-to-assemble background, buildings, cars, figures, and of course, your terrifying Gigantic Insect all burst forth from their crush-resistant packages! All four Gigantics are scientifically accurate and highly detailed models enlarged several times their normal size. Fun and learning combine when you read about the natural history of these insects and see the biological charts. Paint them yourself in gruesome colors. Be prepared for the creepy-crawly invasion!

RAMPAGING SCORPION



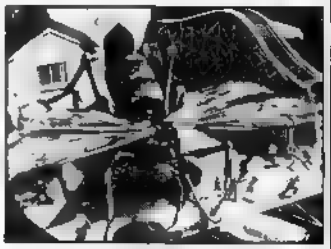
The headline on the Daily Press reads "Thousands Flee From Rampaging Scorpion!" But you won't flee from this 7-inch Arachnid Scorpionida because you built it yourself! If you paint it in true bloody reddish-brown colors, even your friends will run in fear of a poisonously fatal sting wound! The easy-to-set-up scene depicts this p[illegible] enemy in the midst of demolishing a brick building with its massive tail, squashing a vehicle and rendering able-bodied citizens virtually helpless against this staggering creature. Order #24136 $3.00

COLOSSAL TARANTULA

Remember the antagonist from the horrifying movie, "The Spider?" Well, our Huge Tarantula is his cousin and you can own all 6 terrifying inches of it! See him haul his mammoth mass of molecular madness across a free-standing power station. Having escaped from his usual habitat in Tropical America, the Eurypelma Californicum is baffled by the metal maze he finds himself in and lashes out against his surroundings in a vain effort to escape! The employees depart in haste, smokestacks roar and sparks fly! You won't miss by ordering #24139/$3.00

GIGANTIC WASP

Picture a sunny afternoon at the Funland Amusement Park. The children wave gaily at their parents from the roller coaster and the Funhouse. Suddenly a gigantic winged aviator menaces the skies and descends upon its unsuspecting victims, flapping powerful opaque wings and dropping a leaden thorax upon the pavement. The crowd disperses in every direction but for some it is too late! The omniscient compound eye sees a young man whose last whisper reads "Hymenopterous!" Translated as Gigantic Wasp, your model measures 6 inches in length and has an 8-inch wickedly wide wingspan. #24138/$3.00



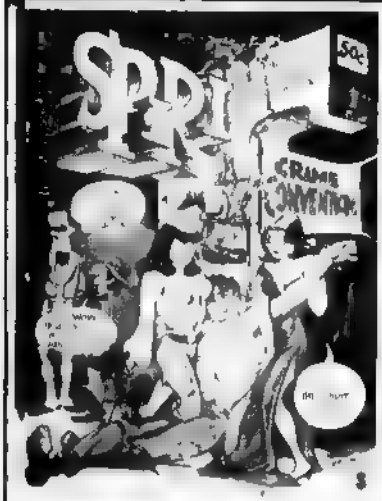
HUGE MANTIS

Usually a friend to the farmer, this Stagmomantis becomes an enemy of the city worker! Having grown to preposterous proportions due to a stroke from a strange ray from outer space the Colossal Mantis traverses the Main Street of an industrial town to wreak havoc on the populace. Destruction is rampant as the insidious insect searches for food. The railroad and passengers are doomed as they cross the creature's path. Buildings are ablaze: there will be no hope until the giant bug is blasted! A 6"x6" mantis and all parts to build this diarama are included. #24137, $3.00

THE SPIRIT by WILL EISNER

RARE UNDERGROUND COMIC BOOKS

[illegible] the early '70's Dennis Kitchen published two underground comics featuring Will Eisner's classic crime-fighter, [illegible] here, THE SPIRIT. They were difficult to find. And those available rapidly disappeared. Warren Publ[illegible]ing has acquired a limited supply of these rare underground comics and will be selling them for only $1.25 each while the supply lasts. Each 7"x10" black and white book is 32 pages long. Each has a full color original cover. Each contains four reprint classics plus four pages of never-before-published art. This is an offer no SPIRIT fan can refuse. Get these fine selections from the classic SPIRIT saga. Order yours today!



CRIME CONVENTION
These are the crooks who have made crime worth fighting. Big time crooks like The Octopus or Max Scarr, master embezzler. Or Grumly, who almost committed the perfect crime. Small time criminals like Prince Chawmink. Beautiful criminals. Like Pantha Stalk. And P'Gell. Meet THE SPIRIT's cohorts and companions in crime fighting; Ebony White, Dolan & sometimes Silk Satan! Visit Caramba, crime capital of the world, for the Crime Convention of the century! Don't miss it. It's murder. #21181/$1.25

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P'Gell goes through husbands like kids go through cookie jars. She's beautiful, seductive and downright dangerous. Especially if you're rich. And male. The comic opens with "Meet P'Gell" & her classic introduction, "I'm P'Gell . . . and this is not a story for little boys." P'Gell's "School for Girls" introduces Saree, P'Gell's stepdaughter. He makes a profit (of course) on an imitation of "The Duce's Locket." And the explosive "Capistrano Jewels" is a never before published finale. #21182/$1.25

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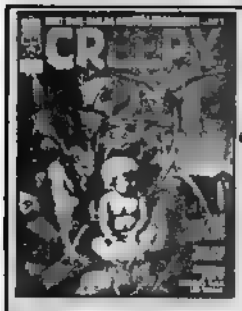

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Come face-to-face with the greatest crime-fighter of them all! The Spirit is a new Warren Magazine, brilliantly written and drawn by Will Eisner, one of the greatest graphic story tellers of all time This superb magazine is filled with the classic adventures Eisner is master of, plus a color section each month. Subscribe for one year (6 excitement filled issues) and get, absolutely free, crisp new editions of two first-rate, classic adventure novels. Or subscribe for two years (12 suspenseful issues) and receive a big 24"x30" full color Spirit poster by Will Eisner! Hang it in your room, den, or playroom! Remember, there's only one Spirit and Warren's got him! Have The Spirit delivered to your door and receive these valuable bonuses as well! How can you lose? Get your subscription to the one and only Spirit today!

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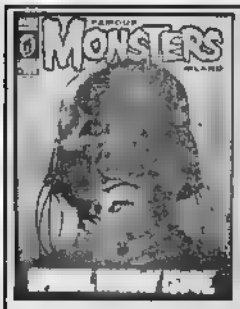

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Now is your chance! Have the "insiders" monster magazine delivered to your door each month! A horror package complete with all the new and old monsters that have made film horror the exciting genre it is today Famous Monsters of Filmland . what monster movies are all about! Subscribe now for one year (9 chill-filled issues) and we'll send you a magnificent full-color portrait of the great Vincent Price as the mad sculptor from "House Of Wax" It was painted by the renowned Basil Gogos and is yours, absolutely free Subscribe now for two years (18 gruesome issues) and receive a full color 20"x 28" poster of our 100th issue cover featuring Boris Karloff as the Frankenstein monster.

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UNCLE CREEPY painted by SANJULIAN 28 'x20" of pulsating pigments. Compliment to Eerie, companion to 6' Vampi! #2948, UNCLE CREEPY POSTER, $2.00

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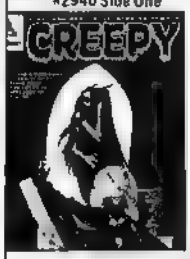

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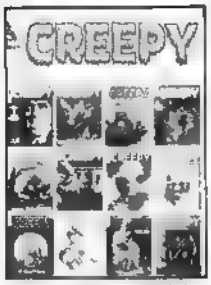

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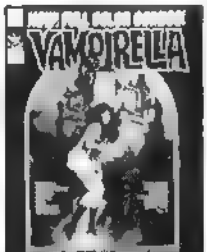

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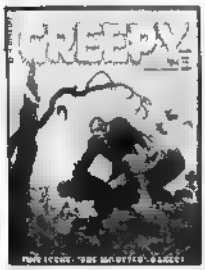

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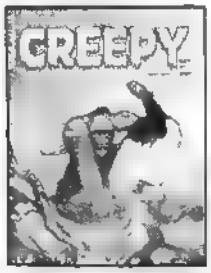

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BATMOBILE

Original replica of the famous BATMOBILE careens and cruises through the streets of Gotham City, whisking Batman and Robin to the scene of another deadly crime! This amazing auto is almost nine inches long! Painted in bright bat colors, the Batmobile comes complete with double canopied bubble windows! Made of sturdy plastic, loads of fun. #2640 $1.50.

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FULLY ASSEMBLED!

HYPO-PHONY

MONSTER NEEDLE LOOKS LIKE IT'S FILLED WITH BLOOD!

Great for fun! Great for props! Great for taking your daily injection of anti-werewolf serum! The 4 inch long plunger of this antiseptic white "needle" slides into a base filled with bright red "blood." Pressing down goes the fake fluid into your pleasing victims. Slide the plunger up. The cylinder turns clear. The needle retracts for a spectacular puncture effect. Remove "blood" too! Just plunge in the empty cylinder, press the secret button and when you "withdraw" the needle, the hypodermic is full of blood. A frightening effect. #2605/$1.50

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ANTS

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You won't believe your eyes when you see this fascinating ANT FARM! See worker ants dig tunnels, build rooms, and carry loads uphill! See feeder ants nourish other ants. Show your ant farm to everyone. Let family and visitors share in this amazing nature study! Strongly built of clear plastic. Convenient 6"x9" size. Ant farm includes farm decorations, stand, soil, and sandbar. (Actual live ants are not included with the kit. Ants sent separately by mailing form enclosed with each kit.)

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ALL YOU NEED IS A PITCH DARK ROOM!

Take 'em all in. Do it with the great tricks in this exciting, easy-to-read booklet. All you need is a room that is pitch-black-dark, and props that are around your house. Create muffled music from beyond the grave. Call up a luminous spirit from the netherworld. Learn to perform great tricks. Your friends will be amazed. Ten deceptions in all. #2630/$1.00

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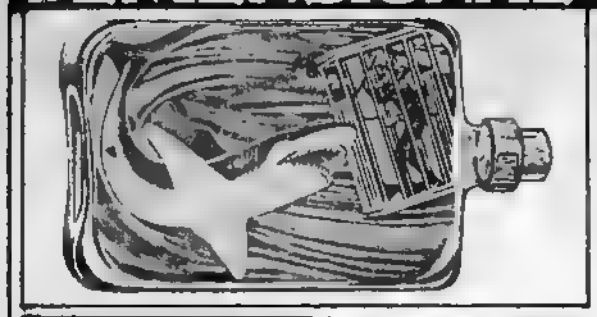
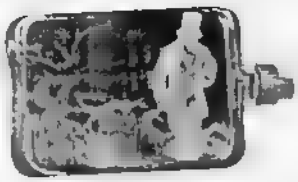
SCENE-IN-A BOTTLE HOBBY KITS! DEMENSIONAL MODEL DISPLAYS!



CREATE THE FUN . . . THE EXCITEMENT OF "JAWS!" BUILD AND DISPLAY THIS EXCITING DIMENSIONAL MODEL! MOLDED PLASTIC SNAP TOGETHER FIGURES!

JAWS! The exciting new motion picture that brings the horror from the ocean's depths to your movie screen. Now own JAWS . . . in a bottle. The terror stricken diver protected by only the flimsy shelter of the shark cage as he battles a vicious denizen of the deep . . . a man-eating shark! An exciting panoramic plastic hobby kit you construct yourself. All the equipment you will need to construct this exciting scene in a bottle is included. Dynamic, fully three-dimensional figures of shark, diver and cage. A realistic ocean scene background. A large 8-3/4"x4-3/4" display bottle that is a full 2-1/2" deep. And detailed instructions. Simply insert the background scene into the back of one half of the bottle. Snap together the figures. (You may even wish to glue or paint them, though equipment for this is not included in your kit.) Mount the figures and cage according to the instructions. Then snap on the front half of the bottle. Put in the cork. And there you have it! The complete scene. The shark, the man, the cage. Built by you . . . in a bottle. An exciting scene you can be proud of. JAWS . . . in a bottle. #24151 $2.98

Amaze your friends! Mystify your enemies! Create exciting scenes in a bottle with these fantastic hobby kits. It's simple. It's fun. Just follow the detailed instructions and soon you'll have beautiful scenes you will be proud to display. Each kit comes with complete instructions and all the equipment you'll need to build your model. Simply apply the background according to instructions, snap together and mount the figures in their 8-3/4"x4-3/4" display bottle. Your scene in a bottle is complete!

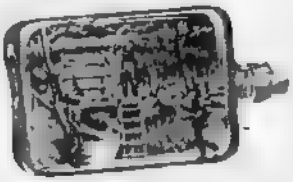


A GRAVEYARD SCENE. IT REALLY GLOWS IN DARK!

It's spooky! Eerie! It shines in the dark! It's a phenomenal glow-in-the-dark scene in a bottle. A spirit . . . haunting a deserted graveyard. And the Spirit glows! A frightening effect. Create it yourself with this great new kit. It includes a snap together bottle, cork and full-color background featuring a haunted house. The three dimensional spirit is luminescent, as are the bat tree and gravestones. The kit even includes imitation mist, made from vinyl polyester. #24152/$2.98

APE SCENE WITH MOLDED HORSE AND A WAGON!

It's round-up time. And the caged humans glare at their ape captors as they are herded into a cage and driven away. Now, build this scene in an exciting bottle display. This kit includes snap together bottle, cork, full-color background, with three-dimensional cage and horse. The ape and human figures are created from plastic figures covered by pressure sensitive decals. Lichen shrubbery completes the scene. #24153/$2.98



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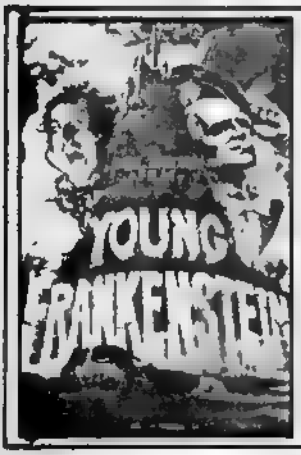
What's more fun than a barrel full of monkeys? A bottle full of APES. Planet of the Apes, that is! In a three-dimensional hobby kit you build yourself . . . in a bottle. Kit includes snap-together bottle with cork, a full color background, and shrubbery created from real lichens! The flat plastic ape figures come with pressure sensitive decals. And the tree-house is three dimensional. Snap this plastic kit together . . . and wow! #24154/$2.98



40" x 26" FULL COLOR YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN POSTER

Mel Brooks' Young Frankenstein is his most frightfully funny movie yet. A fantastic Frankenstein spoof! Now you can own the gigantic 40"x26" full-color poster that inspired you to see this zany film. It features Gene Wilder as young Dr. Frankenstein, Peter Boyle as his zipper-necked monster, Marty Feldman as Igor and the lightning-struck castle on the cliff. A fine addition to any room, den or dungeon. Hold onto it! Mel Brooks created a monster masterpiece. This poster may soon become a collector's classic. This is an offer you can't refuse. Your chance to own a Young Frankenstein poster! #2967/$2.50

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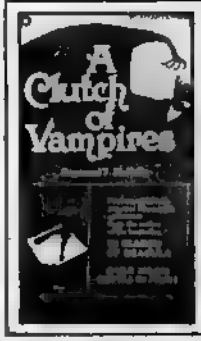

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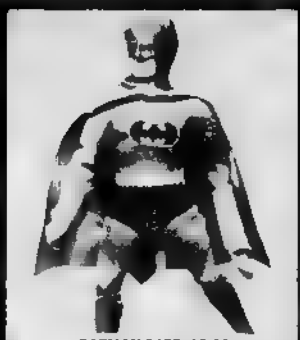
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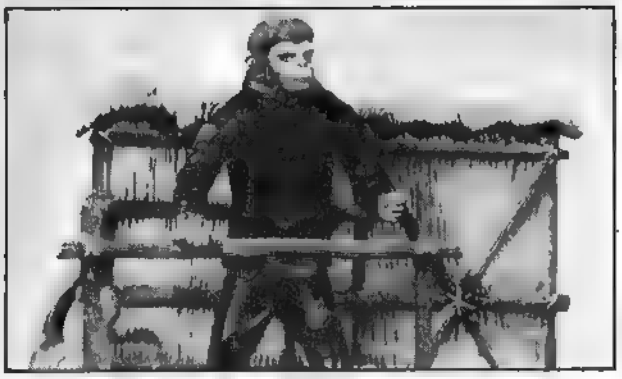

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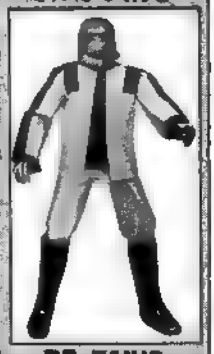

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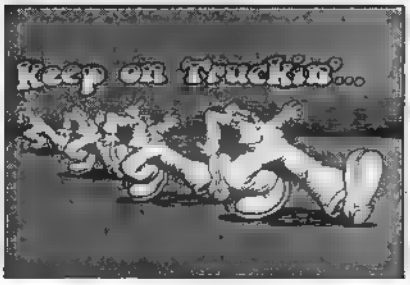

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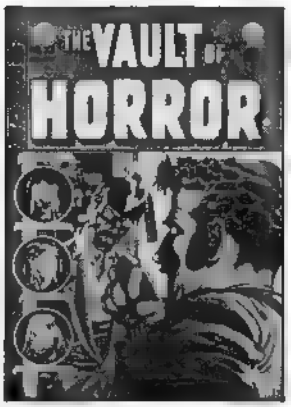

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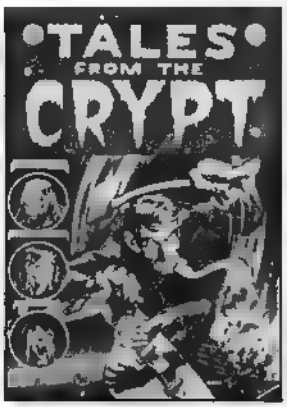

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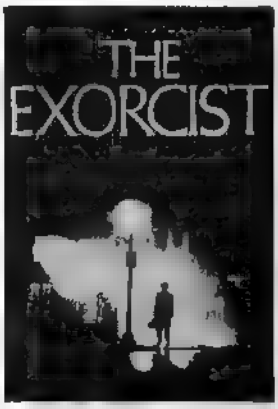

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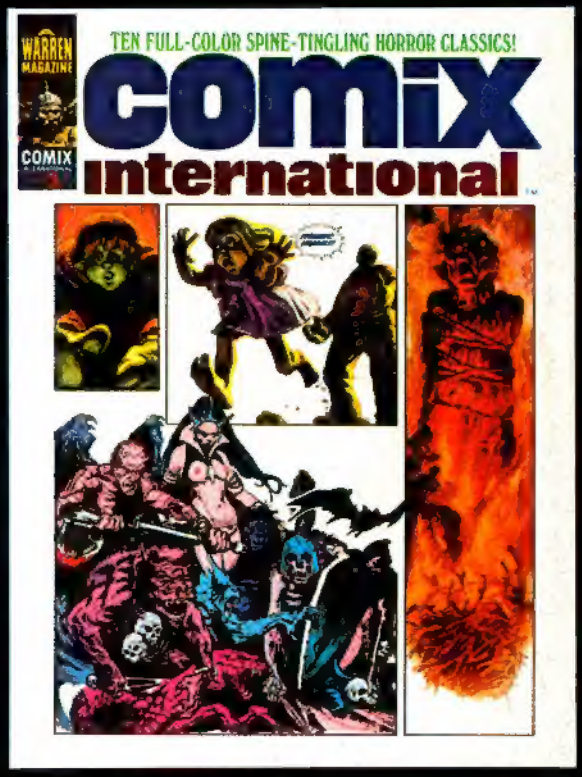
COMIX INTERNATIONAL No. 3



Is reality here? Now? Or does it lie out there . . . behind your TV screen's "Black and White Vacuum to Blues?" Who is "Harry?" A demonic entity? Or a little girl's purple stuffed rabbit? The last man on earth is dead! What makes it "A Wonderful Morning?" You're the only man... crash landed on a planet of beautiful, male-starved women! And this is bad? What happens when a Child . . . created big, green and ugly, from carcasses of dead animals . . . is loosed on an unsuspecting world? In what horror does his "Childhood End?" Why does Dax the Warrior, fated to failure and death, fight on? Can any man . . . even a man at a "Dead Run," escape death? Do wooden marionettes possess evil, twisted souls? What is sure fire insurance against lycanthropy? Why is "An Angle Shy of Hell?" And why is he smiling? The answers to these questions lie in COMIX INTERNATIONAL #3! A new magazine featuring eleven full color stories by Rich Corben, Esteban Maroto, Fernando Fernandez, Jose Bea and Jeff Jones! Slick Magazine format! Heavy-weight paper! Quality printing! The supply is limited! Order now! COMIX INTERNATIONAL #3. #1CI3/$2.98